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THE CHARITY BALL OF THE SEASON: THE BRILLIANT ASSEMBLY AT THE ALBERT HALL IN AID OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL, JUNE 9

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

Four thousand persons attended the ball, and many of these had paid for their tickets ten times the stated fee of a guinea. The hall was beautifully festooned with roses, and the most picturesque incident was the international quadrille, danced by eight sets, dressed to represent the great nationalities of the world.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY L. F. AUSTIN.

M. Rostand, when he was formally received into the French Academy, wore a green uniform with a high collar, a cocked hat under his arm, and a small sword. This is the traditional costume of an Immortal. When Victor Hugo put it on, he did not ask himself whether it was consistent with Republican simplicity. But a citizen of St. Louis, who will preside over the Exhibition there, seems to have had patriotic qualms when he donned Court dress for a formal reception by King Edward. He was afraid to go home to the stern Republicans of St. Louis with that costume in his trunk; so he left it at Claridge's Hotel. But it haunted him. He was like a guilty fugitive in a tale by Edgar Allan Poe. The proofs of crime might be at Claridge's; but all the same they pursued that terror-stricken man in Missouri. His perturbed fancy beheld the velvet coat on every nail, the knee-breeches dangling over every chair. The cocked hat was like the dagger to Macbeth. Come, let me clutch thee. I have thee not, and yet I see thee still. As you may guess, President Francis, of the World's Fair at St. Louis, could not stand this strain. He began to babble of the breeches to one friend, of that terrible hat to another. By degrees the whole story came out, and that truly elegant journal, the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*, gave it an illustrated page in a Sunday edition.

This delectable product of Western taste has been sent to me by a judicious correspondent. It depicts Mr. Francis in full fig, with an expression of Republican pain on his features, as who should say, "O Columbia! O my country! That you should have thrown off the yoke of Kings, and that your devoted son, who hopes to be tenant of the White House some day, should have to wear their livery!" The most lamentable part of the business is that Mr. Francis looks rather well in Court dress. He has a leg, as the observant lady said of Sir Willoughby Patterne. He has a slim and well-knit figure, such as you see preening itself in velvet tunics at fancy-dress balls. The sword does not trouble him; and but for a slight uneasiness as to the cocked hat under his arm, he might pass for a Gold Stick-in-Waiting, or for the functionary who is known to the House of Commons as Black Rod. Some glimmering of this horrible aristocracy must have visited the artist of the *Post-Dispatch*, who has done his best to destroy it by drawing on the page the separate articles of the costume, each with its price affixed, so as to make Mr. Francis look like a tailor's advertisement. Admirable tribute to a prominent citizen of St. Louis! The prices, I suppose, were noted down by an alert reporter concealed under the bed, what time Mr. Francis, in his horrid dreams, was raving of that damning raiment at Claridge's, and of the bill.

Some friends of Mr. Francis, it seems, complain that he did not bring the Court dress home to illustrate the "antiquated and absurd customs prevailing in European countries." The *Post-Dispatch* observes regretfully that it would have made a capital exhibit at the World's Fair. But why not enshrine that page of the Sunday edition in glass, and hang it in the Exhibition as a trophy of Western art and refinement? Why not set it side by side with a portrait of George Washington, Father of his Country, and of its Republican simplicity, who wore a costume just as antiquated and absurd as the dress of the British Court, or of the French Academy, or the diplomatic uniform which is worn by some American Ambassadors in Europe? This collection of exhibits might be further enriched by the portrait of the American statesman who declared not long ago that the "ordinary evening dress," which the *Post-Dispatch* considers becoming to an American gentleman, was not fit for a sterling democrat. It was the contemptible frippery, he said, of a degraded and servile mind—just the expressions which the culture of St. Louis applies to the "trappings of royalty." Who shall choose the costume of ceremony for a free and enlightened citizen when the oracles of the West do not agree? I hope they will settle the standard of fashion without recourse to the handy weapons which are carried by lawgivers who despise the ornamental sword. Let them decide without bloodshed whether Republican simplicity is more beautiful to the eye of liberty in a dress-coat or in shirt-sleeves.

I regret to note a movement for the suppression of the dramatic author. He will continue to write plays, of course; but the natural curiosity of the public to see him from time to time in front of the curtain is not to be gratified much longer. One manager has announced that in his theatre cries of "Author, author!" will henceforward be disregarded. This step is prompted by the instinct of humanity. Authors have been summoned only to be baited. I recall one dreadful night when a distinguished novelist, who had written a play that failed to please, stood at the footlights, with a tense and desperate, and withal a bewildered face, while the theatre howled at him. To this day I have never been able to comprehend the motive of this ferocious outburst. But it is

a melancholy truth that vials of wrath are broken sometimes on the author's head, as if he, poor man, had committed a crime. The injustice is patent. People who do not like his play cannot pretend that they have suffered anything worse than the loss of an evening; whereas he may have lost in three hours the work of many months. It is pure vindictiveness which puts him in such a pillory, for everybody knows that he cannot defend himself, but must bear his humiliation in silence.

It may be argued that dramatic authors should be heard and not seen, that well-graced actors should speak their lines while they remain discreetly invisible. I know one author who, when the fate of his play hung in the balance, walked about Trafalgar Square, and laved his heated brow in the basin of a fountain. Had we known that at the time we might have rushed out of the theatre and had a peep at him between the acts. I remember a play which went but indifferently on the first night. After a critical act, I chanced to slip quietly into a corridor, and there beheld the author in a tragic attitude, with his tearful wife clinging to his arm. The sight was discomposing. I felt that I had broken upon the privacy of an emotion far more real than any on the stage. But it has ever been one of the most unaffected pleasures of the theatre to look upon the author at the end of his piece, to see what manner of man he is, to watch him in a moment of rare abandonment kiss the hand of the leading lady as if he owed her everything. Why should this spectacle be denied to us? Of course, the author kisses the leading lady's hand only when the house is quite rapturous over both of them. On the mournful occasions when the house is of a different mind, we might still have the pleasure of the author's company for a few seconds, if only to testify, by a respectful silence, that we appreciate the excellent intentions which have unluckily bored us to death. That would be more dignified than howling for his blood.

The apparition of M. Rostand in a green uniform makes me wish that we had an Academy of letters, in which the successful candidate for a chair might receive the plaudits of his admirers and the subdued congratulations of his fellow-Academicians. It is a matchless opportunity for stating his point of view. He indicates with sympathetic detachment the characteristics of his predecessor, and makes it clear that his own are totally different. Then a fellow-Academician, who has probably voted against him, bids him welcome in an oration skilfully veiling the disappointment of the minority. To the auditors all this is an entertainment of the highest class. The luxury of bellowing at an unsuccessful dramatist in a theatre is nothing to it. It expands the mind; it is appetising to the subtlest instincts. If we had an Academy, the election of a poet, playwright, or novelist would be a feast, a revel. I have a poet in my mind's eye, and what he would say on the great occasion, and what the master of the ceremonies would say of him. But we have none of these delights, and the poet has to be dumb, save in after-dinner speeches at literary clubs, which are denounced as fussy coteries. And there is no green uniform even for the illustrious members of the Order of Merit.

An incident in the varied life of a publisher has just disclosed to us a new type of author—the bashful, shrinking innocent who sends his manuscript neatly enclosed in a red box, and then resists all entreaties to disclose his identity. We are familiar with the philosophers who pay no heed to advertisements begging them to call on an eminent firm of solicitors and hear of something to their advantage. When you see a hedger and ditcher sitting by the roadside, eating his bread and bacon, it is likely enough that he is the heir to unclaimed millions. But the author who will not own his offspring, even when a publisher consents to stand sponsor, is a rare prodigy of wayward modesty. Mr. John Lane seeks him vainly. When you stop to look at the old Sheffield plate in a Vigo Street window, a benevolent stranger touches you gently on the arm, and says, "Excuse me, but if you happen to be the author of that manuscript in a red box untold gold awaits you at the Bodley Head!"

My suspicion is that some hardened scribe has done this thing as a form of penance. Why may it not be the work of Mr. W. S. Lilly, weary at last of writing articles in which the reader is reminded by footnotes that Mr. Lilly is an eminent historian, an invaluable encyclopædia of faith and morals? St. Francis, just before he died, stripped himself bare, that he might literally be possessed of nothing. Mr. Lilly, in a spirit of pious emulation, may have decided to strip himself of fame. "John Lane," he may have said, "shall be enriched by this novel in a red box; but I will touch neither the profit nor the glory." Yet it may not be Mr. Lilly after all. It may be somebody you know still better, friend Lane; somebody whose genius and modesty have not yet had their due, and are therefore too proud to claim it! Seek not to learn his name; keep your gold in its coffer. The heart of this mystery is sacred!

PARLIAMENT.

The House of Commons resumed the discussion of the Finance Bill in very remarkable circumstances. It was decided by the Speaker that the issue raised by Mr. Chamberlain was not pertinent to the Bill; but the Speaker's ruling proved quite ineffectual. The greater issue overshadowed the less, and the Chair engaged in a hopeless struggle with the one thought that possessed the minds and speeches of every man who took part in the debate. Mr. Chaplin moved an amendment against the abolition of the Corn Tax, contending that any remission of indirect taxation should be reserved for tea and kindred articles of consumption. He said that Mr. Chamberlain had taken a step for which the Unionist party was unprepared. Sir Michael Hicks Beach strongly opposed the repeal of the tax. It had yielded two millions and a half to the revenue, and had not raised the price of bread. He regarded it as indispensable in view of the growth of national expenditure; but, if it were to be treated as the forerunner of Mr. Chamberlain's policy, then he would have none of it. Disregarding the Speaker, the late Chancellor of the Exchequer condemned the proposal of preferential tariffs in the strongest terms. Incidentally, he remarked that if the Cabinet had agreed with his views about expenditure, he would not have resigned. This was exciting, but it was capped by Mr. Ritchie. Mr. Chamberlain and the Prime Minister, he said, had spoken for themselves with regard to preferential tariffs, and not for the Government. He was a staunch Free Trader, and he did not believe that Mr. Chamberlain's ideas could be carried into effect. He held that, so far from uniting the Empire, they would tend to disunite it. This uncompromising declaration was received with great cheering by the Opposition. Mr. Ritchie suggested that Mr. Chamberlain's attitude was one of inquiry, but Sir John Gorst denied the utility of inquiring into the settled principles of Free Trade. He would rather leave Parliament than consent to such a policy. Mr. Bryce wanted to know the mind of the Government, and if that was not to be had, he would like to know the mind of each Cabinet Minister.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

THE ROYAL OPERA.

Old favourites of the French and Italian schools have on recent nights reigned supreme at Covent Garden. Novelties have been few, but among these is Madame Blauvelt's successful, if somewhat light, interpretation of Marguerite in "Faust," and Miss Mary Garden's *rentrée*. The latter lady sustained the rôle of Juliette in Gounod's opera. On June 9 "Die Meistersinger" was heard for the first time this season; and Herr Van Rooy repeated his familiar success as Hans Sachs.

"FLODDEN FIELD" AND "THE MAN WHO WAS,"

AT HIS MAJESTY'S.

Honoured by the presence of the King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Prime Minister, and other notable persons, Mr. Tree's special performance in aid of Guy's Hospital proved last Monday a great social and financial success; but it can hardly be said that the representation of either Mr. Alfred Austin's poetic drama, "Flodden Field," or Mr. Kinsey Peile's adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's story, "The Man Who Was," resulted in the discovery of a playwright of any marked talent. The Poet Laureate, indeed, has handled the historic incident of his choice with amateurish feebleness, and has made the mistake of taking for granted in his audience a knowledge of the details of his theme. Hence his play, which is not without its strong emotional moments, produces an impression of chaotic confusion, and only conveys the vague idea that a certain Lady Heron, on the eve of a battle, is able to draw to her side as she pleases the rival leaders of opposing armies, King James IV. of Scotland and the English Earl of Surrey. Her dalliance is supposed to involve the betrayal of the Scottish King, the unappeasable jealousy of her English lover, and her own self-murder. But there is no close-knit interest, no clearly defined story, in this drama of "Flodden Field," and even its verse is undistinguished. Happily, its leading characters of King, siren, and victorious general were vigorously interpreted the other day by Mr. Fred Terry, Miss Constance Collier, and Mr. Oscar Asche, and two graceful pieces of acting were supplied by Miss Miriam Clements and Mr. Henry Ainley. Of far greater dramatic quality than "Flodden Field" is the little episode of "The Man Who Was"; but the dramatisation of Mr. Kipling's tale owes all its impressiveness not to any skill of the adapter, but to the reticent and poignant art of the original author.

OUR FRENCH VISITORS AT THE GARRICK AND CORONET.

The customary French invasion of the London stage has already begun, and Madame Jane Hading is now appearing at the Coronet Theatre, and Mdle. Jeanne Granier is occupying the boards of the Garrick. The latter actress has selected for her *rentrée* that delightful and characteristic Capus comedy, "Les Deux Ecoles," and though the ensemble of her company is somewhat spoilt by the absence of Madame Lavallière, M. Brasseur, and M. Guy, still, Mdle. Granier's own rendering of a much-tried but amiable wife is so charmingly in keeping with the volatile gaiety of M. Capus's treatment of a serious subject that it only needs, what it obtains, reasonably good support. Madame Hading, on the other hand, backed by a first-rate company, shows Londoners for the first time her reading of Daudet's most notorious heroine, and achieves in "Sapho" one more triumph of personality.

"JUST LIKE CALLAGHAN," AT THE CRITERION.

A farce of the old rough-and-tumble Criterion school, unredeemed by the old Criterion high spirits, is but poor entertainment to offer a modern theatrical audience which knows its Carton and its Capus. Yet this is the sort of stuff—the hackneyed buffooneries of a peccant husband's deceptions and discomfiture—which Mr. Cosmo Gordon Lennox serves up in his adaptation of MM. Hennequin and Duval's "Le Coup

de Fouet," renamed "Just Like Callaghan." There is some promise of fun in the play's central idea of a married man inventing a double to account for his own perfectly innocent flirtations, and calling on his wife in the guise of this double, only to be overtaken by his own complaint of cramp. But the English version, at least, contains not a spark of wit. Nor do the players atone by their vivacity for the dullness of Mr. Lennox's text. Neither Miss Annie Hughes nor Miss Kate Phillips catches the proper farcical spirit, and Mr. Frederick Kerr, hard as he works in the rôle of the husband, has not the mercurial energy of a Charles Wyndham. The one successful member of the cast is Miss Fanny Brough, and she is worthy of something far better than her Criterion engagement.

THE STAGE SOCIETY AND "THE ADMIRABLE BASHVILLE."

The Stage Society wound up its season merrily last Monday afternoon with the representation of a quaint absurdity of Mr. George Bernard Shaw's invention, this being a burlesque blank-verse drama based on and scarifying the author's own romance of pugilism, "Cashel Byron's Profession." "The Admirable Bashville," as Mr. Shaw's *jeu d'esprit* is entitled, was rendered in quite the fitting irresponsible fashion by Mr. Ben Webster, Mr. Farren Soutar, and Miss Henrietta Watson; but the best joke of the day was supplied by Mr. Aubrey Smith, marvellously made up as a policeman, to represent Mr. Shaw himself with beard and brogue complete. Two other plays filled out the afternoon's programme—one a not very successful piece of symbolism, "The Golden Rose," of Mr. Ian Robertson's composing and Miss Lily Hanbury's and Mr. Ainley's interpreting; the other, "The Waters of Bitterness," a rather interesting study in morbid pathology, as the heroine of which Miss Madge McIntosh created a favourable impression.

"AMORELLE," AT THE KENNINGTON THEATRE.

There is an undeniable sparkle about the melodies and a charm about the orchestration of M. Gaston Serpette's opera-bouffe, "Amorelle," given just now at the Kennington Theatre, that should secure for this French importation no little English popularity—the more so as the piece is fitted with a coherent and amusing story, all about twin lads who are rivals in love and the children of mysterious parents, and is interpreted by such capable vocalists as Miss Stella Gastelle and Mr. Roland Cunningham, and such droll comedians as Mr. Eric Thorne and Mr. Willie Edouin.

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On June 16, 17, 18, and 19, SPECIAL and ORDINARY TRAINS (First, Second, and Third Class) will leave PADDINGTON for WINDSOR at 7.40, 7.55, 9.8, 9.30, 9.50, 10.10, 10.28, 10.55, 11.0, 11.38 a.m., 12.5, 12.25, 1.0, 2.20, and 2.30 p.m.

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CRYSTAL PALACE. HANDEL FESTIVAL.

Under the patronage of HIS MAJESTY THE KING and QUEEN ALEXANDRA.

GRAND REHEARSAL, Saturday, June 20, at 12 noon.

"MESSIAH," Tuesday, June 23, at 2 o'clock.

SELECTION, Thursday, June 25, at 2 o'clock.

"ISRAEL IN EGYPT," Saturday, June 27, at 2 o'clock.

Madame Albani, Miss Marguerite Macintyre, Madame Clara Samuel, and Madame Ella Russell. Madame Clara Butt. Mr. Ben Davies. Mr. John Coates and Mr. Charles Saunders. Mr. Santley. Mr. Kemmerley Rumford, and Mr. Andrew Black. Mr. Watkin Mills. Solo Organist, Sir Walter Parratt. Organist to the Festival, Mr. Walter W. Hedgcock. Musical Director: Dr. August Manns. Conductor, Dr. Frederic Cowen. Chorus and Orchestra, 4000.

Tickets on Sale at the Crystal Palace, and Novello and Co., 1, Berners Street, and 80 and 81, Queen Street, Cheapside, E.C.

THE WORLD'S NEWS

HOSPITAL
CELEBRATIONS IN
LONDON.

Metropolitan Cathedral was followed on the succeeding days by many important social functions organised for the benefit of hospital charities. A special performance at His Majesty's Theatre in aid of Guy's, a Café Chantant at the Queen's Hall in aid of the Metropolitan Hospital, and the great Hospital Ball at the Albert Hall were among the schemes for repairing the finances of these institutions. The King's visit to St. Paul's—the third since his Majesty's accession—differed very little from those that had preceded it. The service was of the simplest character, and the ceremonial observed was confined to the municipal and ecclesiastical escort as the King and Queen entered and retired. The Lord Mayor bore the Pearl Sword before their Majesties, who were supported by the Bishop of London and Dean Gregory. The everyday appearance of the congregation was appropriately enough relieved by the presence of a considerable body of nurses in uniform. Outside the Cathedral, the Army Medical Corps Volunteers mounted a guard of honour. Large crowds watched their Majesties' progress to and from the Cathedral, and at the City boundary on the Embankment the Lord Mayor performed the customary ceremony of presenting the civic sword.

IRELAND AND THE
KING.

It is announced that the King and Queen will visit Ireland towards the end of July, and make a prolonged stay. Their Majesties wish to see a good deal of the country, and it is said that the King will make a series of expeditions in a motor-car. A jaunting-car might be more to the popular taste; but it is evident that if the King should roam about Ireland with that genial interest which he puts into everything, the gratification of the people will be unbounded. They have always regarded his Majesty as a friend, and some lively imaginations have pictured him as a Nationalist at heart. In these circumstances, the suggestion that public bodies in Ireland should abstain from the homage due to the Sovereign is not only ungracious, but absurd. No Irishman's politics can be compromised by loyal manifestations on the occasion of a royal visit. The King does not represent this or that Government, or any party whatever. Besides, his presence in Ireland will mark far more emphatically than did that of Queen Victoria near the end of her life the great moral change in the relations between Ireland and Great Britain. Parliament has adopted in principle a measure which must effect a revolution in the Irish land system, a revolution welcomed by all parties in the State. To choose such a time for treating the King as if he wore the crown of an alien tyranny, is to put it on the lowest ground of expediency, bad tactics. It may suit the purpose of certain politicians, who are thinking less of Ireland than of a section of opinion in America; but they do not speak the real mind and heart of the Irish people.

OUR PORTRAITS.

With it is suggested, a view to throwing cold water upon the Opposition, Captain Lionel de Lautour Wells, R.N., Chief Officer of the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, has been elected to the position of head agent of the Conservative party, rendered vacant by the retirement of Mr. Middleton at the beginning of this year. The new head agent was born in Calcutta forty-three years ago, and after his promotion to a Lieutenantcy in the Navy saw nine years of torpedo service, later acting as Senior Officer of the Devonport Torpedo-Destroyer Squadron. His appointment to the Metropolitan Fire Brigade dates from 1896. He has had to bear since that time a good deal of hostile criticism, notably after the fatal fire in Queen Victoria Street; but even his critics will not deny that he has done good work, and that he is popular with his men there is no doubt.

Major-General Sir Edmund Frederick Du Cane, who died on June 7 in his seventy-fourth year, was

a recognised authority on all matters dealing with prison systems. He produced a number of works on the punishment and prevention of crime, but he did not confine himself to writing. His first introduction to a penal settlement occurred in 1851, when, after giving valuable assistance in the organisation of the Great Exhibition, he was sent with sappers to Western Australia to act as supervisor of public work done by convicts. During the five years he spent there he was visiting magistrate of convict stations. On his return



Photo. Bullingham.
THE LATE SIR E. DU CANE,
AUTHORITY ON PRISON
MANAGEMENT.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. A. A. COMMON,
EMINENT ASTRONOMER AND
TELESCOPE-MAKER.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE DR. MOBERLY,
REGIUS PROFESSOR OF PASTORAL
THEOLOGY AT OXFORD.

to England he was chosen to design the land defences of Plymouth and Dover, and this interrupted the work in which he was chiefly interested until 1863, when he was appointed Director of Convict Prisons and Inspector of Military Prisons. Later, he became, at various periods, Chairman of Prison Directors, Inspector-General

Yerkes reflector was unrivalled for light-concentrating power. Of late years he devoted himself to the improvement of gun-sights.

Sir Allen Lanyon Sarle, the former Secretary and General Manager and a Director of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway, died at Epsom, on June 4, at the age of seventy-four. Sir Allen, like the late Mr. G. H. Turner, began his business career in a subordinate position, and worked his way through the accountant's office to the Secretaryship and General Managership of the company. From the latter post he retired in 1897, and was elected to the Board. The younger son of the late Mr. Charles Sarle, of Falmouth, stipendiary magistrate at Dominica, he was born in Orkney, and was educated at Selkirk Grammar School and at the High School, Edinburgh.

"PASSIVE
RESISTANCE."

Mr. Labouchere is no lover of the Government or of the Education Act, but he is unable to reconcile the policy of "passive resistance" with elementary logic or a sense of humour.

To withhold the education rate on the plea of conscience is simply to encourage every defaulter to start a conscience as an excuse for not meeting the obligations of a citizen. The passive resisters are now in the toils of the law, and the results are not inspiring. In one case it was calculated that the precise amount due for religious education to which Nonconformists object was four shillings and threepence. The public will therefore be treated to the spectacle of a clock or a mantelpiece ornament sold to defray this charge, and solemnly bought by a bosom friend of the owner for its full value. Then the rate will be paid, and the balance handed over to the "martyr," who will proceed cheerfully to replace the ornament or the clock. How this process can be regarded as a personal sacrifice for conscience' sake nobody knows. It simply puts the parish overseers, who are not responsible for the Act, to a great deal of needless trouble, and leaves public opinion unmoved except to mirth. But such is the cloud upon the reason of some Nonconformists that we find certain of them protesting that the Act has no moral validity because it was "passed by force." "Force" is the use of the closure in the House of Commons when objectors' friends are not in office.

Under the auspices of the Royal Geographical Society, the President, Sir Clements Markham, K.C.B., F.R.S., on June 10 read a paper at the theatre, Burlington Gardens, on the first year's work of the National Antarctic Expedition. At the outset, the lecturer said a word in defence of the business management of the expedition, and then proceeded to sketch the doings of Captain Scott and his crew. He gave a thrilling account of the unfortunate death of Vince, who fell into the sea from a cliff. Otherwise there was no casualty among the explorers. The first winter was passed pleasantly, and a great deal of hard and valuable scientific work was overtaken. Sir Clements Markham showed conclusively that the expedition is worth support, and that a second voyage of the relief-ship *Morning* is absolutely necessary for the safety of our gallant countrymen on board the *Discovery*.

DISASTERS AT SEA.

The week has witnessed two terrible disasters at sea—one the result of a storm, the other apparently of someone's blunder. The first—that of the Pacific Steam Navigation Company's coasting-steamer *Arequipa*—occurred off Valparaiso in a gale on June 2, the vessel foundering at her moorings. The master and ten other Englishmen were lost, as well as a large number of the Chilean crew. The second was caused by the collision of two steamers belonging to the Fraissinet Company off the Isles Maires. The *Liban* was on her way from Marseilles to Bastia, and the *Insulaire* from Nice and Toulon to Marseilles. The precise cause of the accident will perhaps never be discovered, but an extract from a statement made by a passenger on the *Liban* is worth recording: "The weather was splendid, and the sea was very calm. . . . The whistles of the two steamers continued alternately. The *Insulaire* continued to advance upon us. The captain of the *Liban*, who was on the



THE PRINCESS OF WALES AT A LONDON HOSPITAL: HER ROYAL HIGHNESS LEAVING THE BUILDING IN ENDELL STREET.

On June 8 the Princess of Wales opened a new Nurses' Home which has been built in Bettertown Street in connection with the old-established maternity foundation in Endell Street. In aid of the scheme, her Royal Highness received purses, which were presented by the baby inmates.

of Military Prisons, Surveyor-General of Prisons, and Chairman of Commissioners of Prisons. As Surveyor-General of Prisons he advocated the economies carried out by the Prisons Act of 1877, and for this service in particular he obtained his K.C.B. Sir Edmund retired in 1895, under the age rules.

The Rev. Dr. R. C. Moberly, Regius Professor of Pastoral Theology at Oxford, who died on June 8 after a short illness, was born in 1845, the son of Bishop Moberly, and was educated at Winchester and at New College, Oxford. Ordained in 1869, he was appointed Principal of St. Stephen's House, Oxford, seven years later, and in the year following Principal of Sarum College. He also acted as Honorary Canon of Chester and as Honorary Chaplain to Queen Victoria. Dr. Moberly was the author of, among other works, "The Revelation of God on Marriage," "Atonement and Personality," and "Ministerial Priesthood."

The researches in astronomy made by Dr. Andrew Ainslie Common, who died suddenly on June 2, were remarkable for their practical success rather than for the originality of their method—a fact recognised by the Royal Astronomical Society when presenting him with its gold medal in 1884. His taste for the science to which he was ultimately to devote his life was apparent early in his career, and one of the first of his achievements was the construction of a 3-ft. reflecting equatorial telescope for celestial photography. With this instrument he unsuccessfully attempted, in 1880, to photograph the nebula in Orion, and actually did so two years later, as well as taking negatives of other nebulae and stars. In 1891 he finished an instrument with a 5-ft. reflector with a focal length of 27½ ft., which until the construction of the 50-in. Paris refractor and the 5-ft.



Photo. Russell.
CAPT. LIONEL DE L. WELLS, R.N.
NEW HEAD AGENT OF THE
CONSERVATIVE PARTY.



Photo. Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE SIR ALLEN L. SARLE,
EX-GENERAL MANAGER OF THE
BRIGHTON RAILWAY.

THE FIRST PRODUCTION OF A PLAY BY THE POET LAUREATE.

DRAWN BY ALLAN STEWART.



LADY HERON (Miss Constance Collier).

THE EARL OF SURREY (Mr. Oscar Asche).

1. PRELUDE.—THE EXTERIOR OF LINLITHGOW PALACE: JAMES IV. (MR. FRED. TERRY) AND AN APPARITION (MISS HELEN FERRERS). 2. SCENE FROM ACT I.: INTERIOR OF FORD CASTLE.

"FLODDEN FIELD," AT HIS MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Mr. Alfred Austin's drama in blank verse was produced on June 8 in aid of the funds of Guy's Hospital. The King and Queen, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and Princess Victoria witnessed the performance, of which a notice is included in "The Playhouses."

bridge, gave orders in all directions, but the turn of the wheel which would have been able to save us was not given. I blamed the captain a few moments before the collision. After some moments of terrible anxiety, the fatal shock occurred." The *Liban* was headed for the shore immediately after the impact, but sank before she could be grounded. The *Insulaire* was badly damaged about the bows. Of the two hundred and forty persons on board the wrecked vessel, about a hundred were drowned. The crew and a number of officers and men bound for Corsica were amongst those saved. The captains of the two steamers have both handed in written reports, which are said to be contradictory in several particulars.

THE STATUE FROM THE SAND.

Last Whitsuntide, Dunkirk celebrated with an elaborate series of fêtes the 500th anniversary of the discovery of the statue of the Virgin which was found buried in the sand in 1403, and has since, under the title of Notre Dame des Dunes, been an object of worship in the ancient seaport. The image was solemnly crowned in the Place Jean Bart, at the foot of that great sailor's statue. The figure was escorted by a partly historical, partly religious procession, which traversed the greater portion of the town before it proceeded to the Church of St. Eloi. In this procession the children of the better families of Dunkirk and of the neighbourhood took part. The modern life of Dunkirk was represented by the women of the fish-market, who figured as attendants of the Virgin.

THE BALKAN TROUBLE.

As in Hyde Park, so in the near East the open-air meeting is an accepted part of the programme of agitation. At a gathering at Sofia, attended by several thousand persons, M. Michaelovsky, the President of the Macedonian Committee, said that for ten years Russian policy had been hostile to Macedonian aspirations, and that if Russia wished she could make the present policy of extermination complete. The slightest military movement by Russia on her Asiatic frontier would check the movement of the Turkish troops to Macedonia, but it was her desire to crush Macedonian liberties, so that she might ultimately pose as their saviour. The meeting expressed its sympathy with the Macedonian struggle, pronounced in favour of an appeal to European diplomacy, and recommended the Bulgarian Government to help the Macedonians by peaceful means, and, in the last resort, by force of arms.

THE FIGHTING IN ALGERIA.

France has, as was expected, taken speedy reprisals for the attack on the Governor of Algeria made by the natives of Figuig. On June 8 three battalions of the Foreign Legion, with cavalry and the most modern artillery, proceeded to Zenaga and opened fire on the mud fortifications. The Moors offered only a feeble resistance, and the effect of the French artillery was astonishing. Six hundred shells were thrown, but there was no musketry practice. The story which was given out at the beginning of the disturbance that the rebels had telegraphed to Bu Hamara, the Moorish Pretender, praying for his assistance, does not gain in credence when one remembers that the only telegraph-line in the country is in the hands of the French military authorities.

BRITISH PRISONERS WITH THE MULLAH.

The monotony of the news from Somaliland has been broken by the statement that English prisoners are in the Mullah's camp, and by the suggestion that these prisoners are officers belonging to the late Colonel Plunkett's column who were wounded in the fight at Gumburu. Ras Makonnen, who received the news from General Fikurari Gabri, commander of the Abyssinian force co-operating with us in the field, has advised the British authorities to effect an exchange between the prisoners captured by his informant and the Englishmen reported to be in the Mullah's hands.

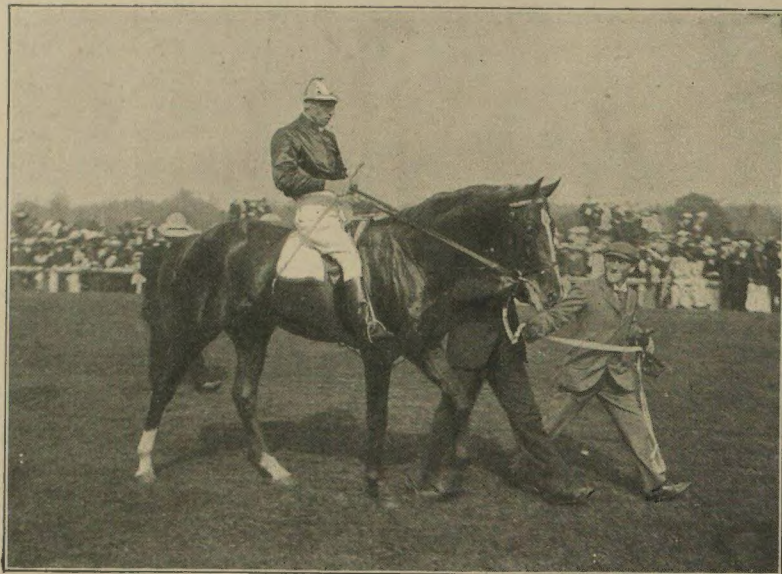
M. PELLETAN. The French Chamber has rejected by a large majority the imputations of the Humbert family on the Minister of Marine. An obscure person, lately in the employ of the Humberts, was alleged to

have written a letter to M. Pelletan, reminding him that he had accepted a bribe. The letter was published together with evidence that the registered envelope in which it was said to have been enclosed had reached M. Pelletan's office. The Minister denied all knowledge of the letter and of the writer. M. Combes, the Premier, at the same time denied the charge of corruption against his son, M. Edgar Combes, who was said to have intimated through an emissary that one of the religious orders might evade expulsion by paying blackmail. The extremely ridiculous character of this accusation is apparent to everybody who knows

water was highest a pathway for visitors was made of boards on trestles.

AN EARLIER POMPEII.

It would appear that Vesuvius began its work as a conservator of antiquity earlier than the memorable year A.D. 79. During the excavations in the valley of the Sarno, near San Marzano, in Campania, some most interesting antiquities have come to light. These had been covered up by a volcanic deposit about six feet thick, which points to an eruption of Vesuvius which must have taken place certainly not earlier than the seventh century before Christ. The relics include a Greek burying-place, archaic Italian tombs, and various bronzes and terra-cottas. Near the same site, but of course not covered by the volcanic deposit of the earlier eruption, is a Roman house of the time of Augustus. The house was, indeed, built upon the bed of cinders and pumice-stone beneath which the tombs, bronzes, and terra-cottas were discovered. The dwelling escaped the catastrophe of A.D. 79, for Pliny tells us that a strong wind blew the ashes in the opposite direction from the valley of the Sarno. The latest researches have brought to light a village of the earliest inhabitants of that region. It consists of huts built upon an extended platform raised above the ancient surface of the soil.



THE WINNER OF THE GRAND PRIX, 1903; QUO VADIS.

The winner of the Grand Prix, the race for which was run on June 7, belongs to M. E. Blanc. Pratt was the jockey.

the temper of the Chamber with regard to the religious orders. No evasion was possible under any conditions. The Republican majority has declared all such imputations to be part and parcel of the "campaign of calumny" against the Ministry. When we remember what calumnies were employed to blacken all the prominent friends of M. Dreyfus, the attack on M. Pelletan is an exceedingly mild specimen of partisan malevolence.

PHILÆ AND THE ASSOUAN DAM

The Assouan Dam has now completed its first year's work, the sluice-gates are open once more, and the waters in the great reservoir have been allowed to fall. It is therefore possible to ascertain what effect the rise of the water has had on the ruins of Philæ. Mr. Frederick F. Ogilvie, the artist whose pictures of Philæ, now on exhibition at the Modern Gallery, we reproduce, says that the general surroundings are not much altered, but on Philæ itself every place where the water has

The Kansas floods, the occurrence of which we chronicled in our last issue, were followed on June 3 by the outbreak of fire among the pine-trees of Northern New York and New England, the parched state of which afforded a striking contrast to the flooded West. Five days later rain fell heavily, and almost at once ended the fires, before which thousands of men had stood impotent, not, however, before damage estimated at a hundred million dollars had been done. At the same time the forests in the Maritime Provinces of Canada were ablaze, Musquash was destroyed, Hopewell partially burnt out, and the traffic on the Laurentian Mountain Section of the Canadian Pacific Railway stopped for want of bridges. The cloud of smoke from the North Atlantic States extended to Washington; New York was in a fog, and the *Deutschland* ran aground in the artificial haze. Georgia suffered from the effects of a tornado, in which at least threescore people were killed and many injured. On June 8 the Mississippi was again perilously high, and Venice Madison, West Madison, Newport, Brooklyn, and Granite City were under from ten to eighteen feet of water.

THE MOST MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE IN NATURE.

Madame Curie, who, with her husband, discovered radium, is publishing this week a thesis upon the subject, and M. Curie is announced to lecture in London this month at the Royal Institution. M. Curie found that radium has an extraordinary effect upon glass, gradually turning it a violet-blue. The lower part of the bottle in Fig. 2, containing a small quantity of radium of one thousand units of activity, became a deep violet in one month. M. Curie's special investigations have been on the subject of the emanations of heat by radium, and he has ascertained that one gramme of radium permanently gives off one hundred petites calories per hour. In Fig. 4 are shown two flasks connected by a glass tube. In A, M. Curie had placed a solution of radium; in B, zinc sulphide, another sensitive substance. In the dark, the zinc sulphide glowed brilliantly; but more than that—when



A CONSUMPTION SANATORIUM FOR THE WEST: LADY DICKSON-POYNDER LAYING THE FOUNDATION-STONE OF THE NEW INSTITUTION AT WINSLEY.

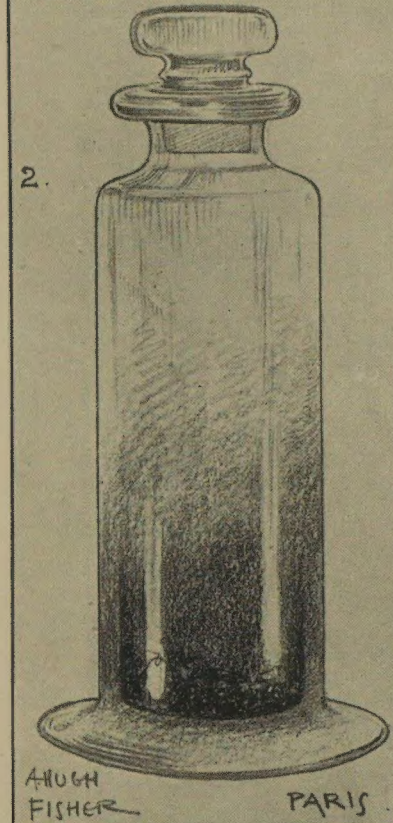
The ceremony took place on June 4. The sanatorium is designed to benefit the counties of Somerset, Wilts, and Gloucester. It is situated not far from Bath.

been during the past winter is covered and bearded with a thick, evil-smelling green slime. The sculptures of gods and kings, pillars, ruins, and trees and shrubs are festooned with decaying water-weed. In our Illustration of the last low Nile before the Dam came into operation, the dark band on the embankment-wall shows the highest level reached by the river unaided by the Dam. When the sluices were closed, the windows in the western wall were submerged. The picture of the highest level caused by the Dam portrays the entrance to the Sanctuary. When the

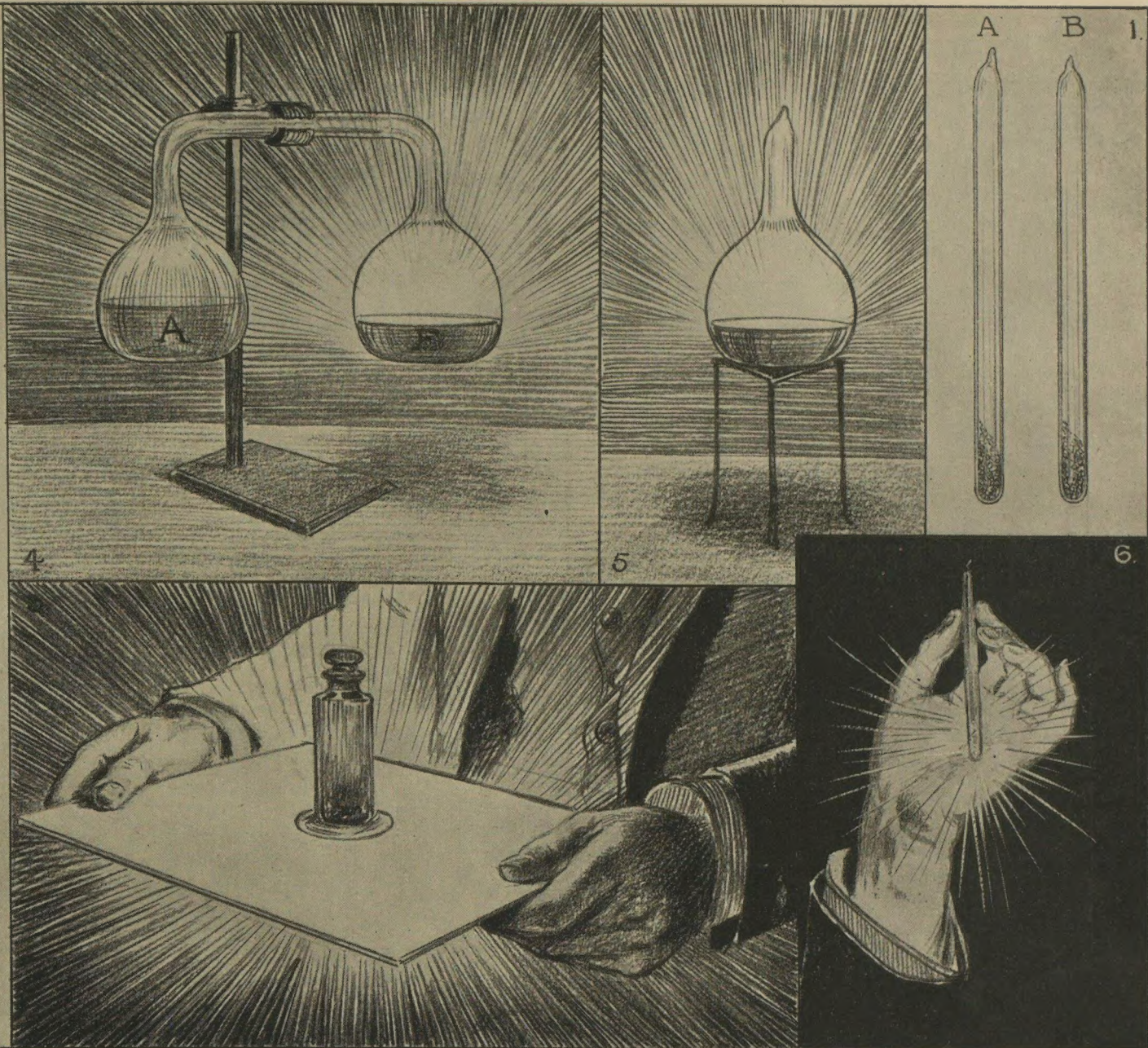
the zinc-sulphide flask was now sealed and detached (Fig. 5), its contents continued to glow, and M. Curie found that he had enough of the radium emanations "bottled up," so to speak, in B to show brilliantly for a month without any apparent diminution in the emitting-power of the solution in A. M. Curie, however, has found that the chloride and bromide of radium are of themselves luminous, as in Fig. 6, remaining very bright for fifteen days, and then slowly decreasing in brilliancy.

Photo, Walter Lewis, Bath.

1. Radium in sealed tubes.
2. Glass bottle turned violet blue by Radium.
3. Barium-platino-cyanide Screen glows brilliantly when bottle containing Radium stands upon it.
4. Zinc sulphide (B) glows brilliantly through emanations passing from solution of Radium (A).
5. Zinc sulphide flask sealed with Radium emanations captured in the flask.
6. Chloride of Radium luminous itself.



A. HUGH FISHER PARIS



THE MOST MYSTERIOUS SUBSTANCE IN NATURE—RADIUM: EXPERIMENTS MADE IN PARIS BY THE DISCOVERERS, MONSIEUR AND MADAME CURIE.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN PARIS.

M. Curie's radium is prepared under his direction at the Société Centrale des Produits Chimiques, where it was shown to our Artist in various forms. It is obtained from Austrian pitchblende, and prepared in different degrees of activity. It is sealed in small glass tubes, of the size shown in Fig. 1, and is then ready for sale. Radium of the lowest activity, A (240 units), costs but 12 francs the gramme (just over 15 grains), but its effects are inappreciable. The highest activity, B (300,000 units), costs 12,000 francs (£400) the gramme; and a gramme of the latter has just been ordered by Mr. Eimer, who is experimenting in New York. As was shown by Sir William Crookes (see our Issue of two weeks ago), radium is not in itself luminous, but gives off emanations which cause certain sensitive substances to phosphoresce brilliantly. Such is the screen of barium-platino-cyanide in Fig. 3, which glows brilliantly when placed in the dark with a bottle containing radium standing upon it.



JOULIN (M. Noizeux).

EDOUARD MAUBRUN (M. Louis Gauthier).

MADAME JOULIN (Madame Henriot).

HENRIETTE MAUBRUN (Madame Jeanne Granier).

FRENCH PLAYERS IN LONDON: SCENE FROM "LES DEUX ÉCOLES," AT THE GARRICK THEATRE.

SKETCH BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE POLITICAL UNREST IN MOROCCO: A TYPICAL SCENE IN THE SACRED CITY.

FROM THE PAINTING BY G. MONTBARD.

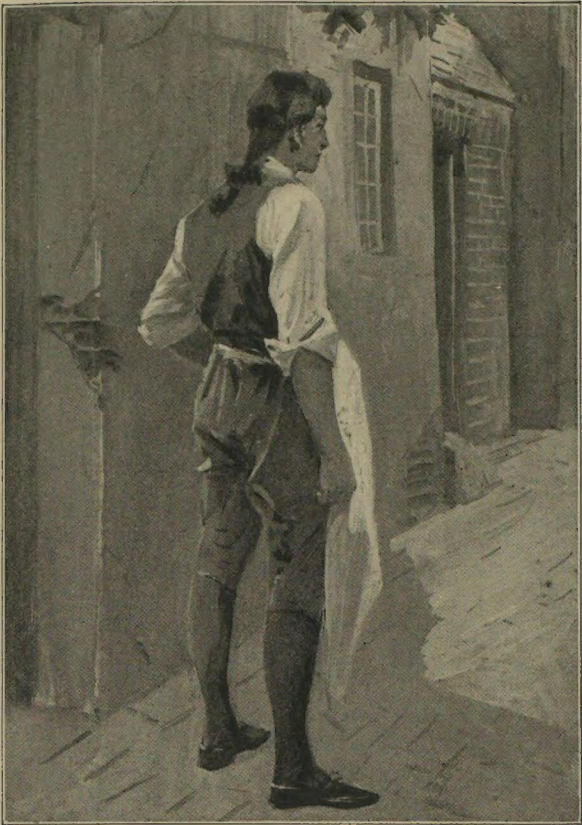


A GATEWAY IN FEZ, NEAR THE MELLAH.

The centre of interest in Northern Africa has recently shifted to the borders of Morocco and Algeria, where France has come into collision with the Moors at Figuig. The French action has been adversely criticised, certain theorists in international law stating that France may enter Moorish territory to punish Frenchmen, but not Moors, and that the treaty of 1845 has been violated.

The Honourable John Carlingford.

ILLUSTRATED BY ALLAN STEWART.



Still gazing far, far away.

the languor of summer brought no thought of rest or holiday, and the heat but intensified the stifling odours of the fevered street and added to the unquenchable weariness of the worker, burdened ever by the toil of the ant, with only the ultimate fate of the grasshopper looming relentlessly before him.

Still the sun poured down—the children played peevishly in the gutter, a mangy dog sniffed disdainfully at a herring's head in the roadway, and then, twisting itself round, vainly sought consolation of sleep under the shadow of its own stumpy tail. A shoemaker's hammer tinkled and tapped close by, and further up could be heard through the lull of the harsh street-cries the sound of a swirling plane as it pushed its way over the odorous pine boards, flinging aside the yellow shavings in fragrant clinging trails.

The hum of a busy world—the busy world of a little town perched on a southern bay—was at its highest, when a broad-bodied, yellow chariot appeared at the end of the thoroughfare. Half-way up it paused, and amid intense excitement and the thrusting of many tousled heads from rickety casements, half-a-dozen eager voices directed it to the carpenter's door. The excitement trebled apace. The unkempt heads were followed by expansive female torsos in various states of dishabille, supported on grimy arms, as the cumbrous vehicle—boasting a coachman nearly as heavy as its own chrome-coloured body, in a grey curled wig and seated on the spreading ing hammer-cloth of blue and silver—drove up.

A thin, sallow-featured, black-clad figure peered out. He opened the door and stepped down. Another, slightly more stately in build followed, as a young man, the sole occupant of the carpenter's bench, came out to meet them.

"Mr. — er — Pennington?" said the yellow-faced man.

The young man acquiesced.

"Lord Harborough," said the man of the yellow face, indicating deferentially the individual in grey.

The ice was broken, and the young man leading the way, they entered the long, low room—half workshop, half living-apartment. Here, free from the scrutiny of the curious throng of the street, they gazed at each other again—the peer and the carpenter; grandfather and grandson.

Each had the same clear-cut features—the same blue eyes, the same stern mouth. But while in the younger man the generous fire of youth glowed in his face, his crisp black curls clustered thickly about his forehead, and the gaze of his blue eyes was frank and pleasant; in the elder, the glassy stare, the pallid cheeks, the thin iron-grey hair, and the cruel droop of the lips were but a ghastly replica of withered youth.

The yellow face, the task of introduction over, sank into the rush-bottomed chair in which he had located himself, and relapsed into apparent oblivion. The old man broke the silence.

"Circumstances have prevented us seeing much of each other up to the present."

THE sun glared fiercely down the little Baymouth street. It beat hot on the low red roofs, and played in chequered golden arabesques on the rough scorched cobbles blazoned purple and blue beneath the shadow of the scanty eaves.

It was not a fashionable thoroughfare—the homes of those who worked for a pittance and from sheer need of daily bread. To them

"May I ask the object of your visit now?" queried the young man darkly.

"It is desirable such arrangements be changed and we form closer acquaintanceship," was the placid response.

"Indeed! And why?"

"For a reason you must guess. You are my heir."

"How, pray?" asked the other, apparently not greatly impressed.

Lord Harborough shut his eyes, blinked impatiently, and looked round. The Yellow One only nodded by the hearth-corner. The peer could have sworn; instead he went on diplomatically—

"Surely, you know your father—my eldest son—made a—that is—er—there was a dressmaker, a schoolmaster's daughter—er—or a—a woman of some kind. It was the old story. I, of course, disapproved. Well, they parted—she left him, I believe, and mutual silence ensued."

"And——?"

"Now my son is dead, and Mr. Pakenham, my solicitor"—the dreaming figure scarcely stirred—"informs me the woman——"

"She is dead too!" murmured the young man sadly and softly, gazing toward the fireplace, over which, between some trifling ornaments, in a small oval frame, hung a miniature of the only being who had ever loved him—his mother.

It was a delicately pretty face—trustful and tender, not made for hope or meant for happiness; the face of one of those fragile flowers of humanity that love the sunshine, that droop rapidly if removed from its presence, and are so easily brushed aside by the stronger whose path they have crossed.

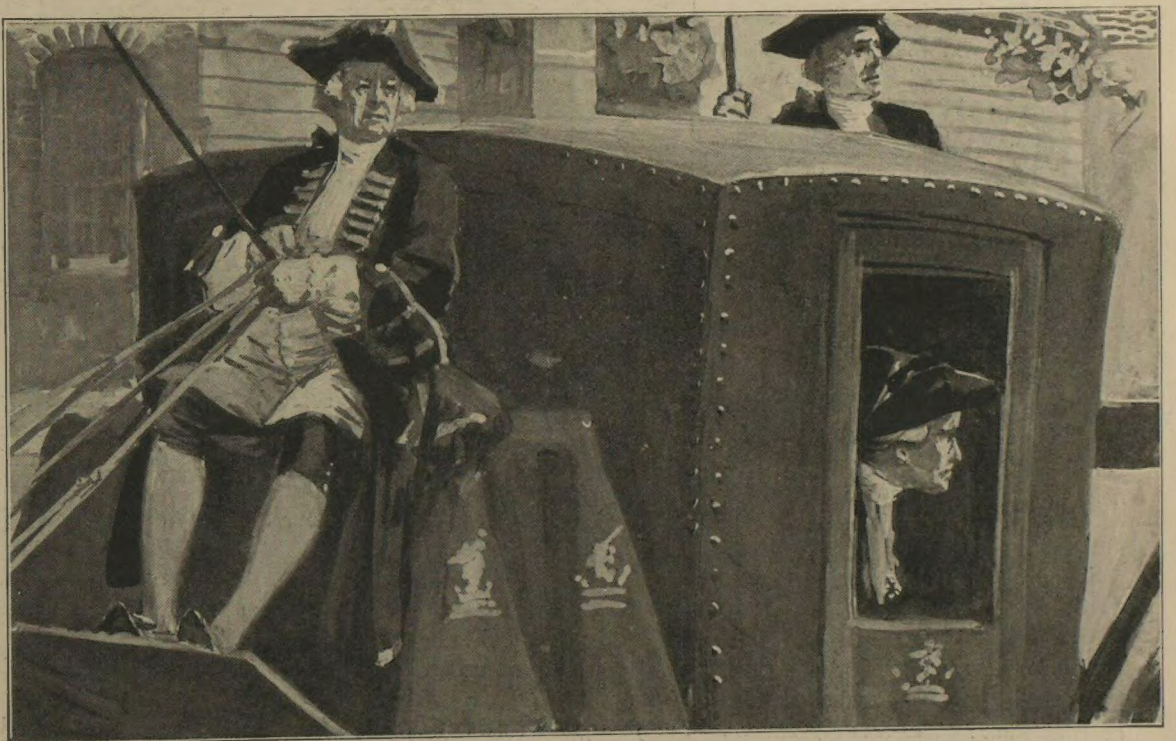
"Of course there could be no communication during *her* life; but now that is all over," said the peer.

"Yes, that is all over," drearily assented the other; his gaze was still on the picture, and his eyes moistened.

His Lordship looked round the scantily furnished living-half of the room. The few books—old, but good—were well bound. A few thin and slender articles of silver plate stood on the heavy oak bureau; the only three chairs, too, were of choice pattern, well carved, and the family meal-time was not eternally evident.

The only quaint incongruity was two large china dogs, one at each end of the mantel, seated stonily staring, motionless, but apparently cognisant of all that was happening. Yet on this occasion they seemed grimly in keeping—strangely suggestive of Eastern deities seated in judgment between the three mortals.

"You have doubtless had to pinch," his Lordship continued; "but in future



A sallow-featured, black-clad figure peered out.

I will see you are amply provided for. To facilitate matters, Pakenham has brought the settlement deeds——"

The somnolent legal adviser awoke with discreet alacrity, and gently produced a packet.

"Your allowance," proceeded the peer, unfolding his cheque-book, "dates from to-day, with an increase on your taking up residence with me, to be doubled

at your marriage with a suitable *parti*, whom doubtless we shall soon be able to find!" he exclaimed with a laugh.

"I am afraid, my Lord, you will be disappointed."

"What!" said his Lordship, staring blankly. "I trust your environment here has entailed no such consequences as—er—your father's entanglement?"

"No!" answered the carpenter with a cold smile. The question to one in such impoverished circumstances seemed ludicrous, but to the old man only the horror of another *mésalliance* presented itself. The cold sweat covered his brow. He stared at the two china dogs, and they stared back coldly irresponsible, as he awaited the reply.

He breathed a sigh of relief. "Then that is all right! Pakenham, pass the deeds!"

The young carpenter held the parchment in his hand unopened. "Do I understand," he said slowly, "you wish me to come back to your house and live there with you?"

His Lordship nodded, smiling. "You are my heir—my only existing descendant."

"This is a great sacrifice on your part, Lord Harborough," his grandson remarked gravely.

"It will not, I am sure, be made in vain," remarked the old man, with that glow of pleasure a selfish person usually feels on being praised for the philanthropy of an effort intended solely for his own gratification. "You will endeavour to preserve the traditions of the race, I am sure; you will—"

"I regret, my Lord, to say you are under a delusion."

"My dear boy!" suavely murmured the peer with a flickering smile, amused at the young man's perverse density, "there is no mistake. You are the child of Robert Carlingford?"

"But not your heir!"

"How so?"

"For the reason that I am also the son of *that woman*," said the younger fiercely.

"Ah! Beg pardon. I forgot you didn't know." His Lordship could scarcely repress a chuckle. "My dear boy"—he bent over confidently—"it was a perfectly legal union, as I happened to know at the time." Sinking his voice to a whisper: "Not a court could dissolve it."

"But my mother told me herself I was—" And the young man clutched hard at the bench.

"It was not politic that she should think otherwise. If the *mésalliance* had become known—the disgrace to our house—think of my sufferings."

"Were her sufferings nothing?"

"Doubtless, poor thing," said his Lordship charitably; "still, scarcely to be considered beside that of an honourable house."

"Oh!" cried the young fellow, with bitter scorn. "That for your honourable house and its noble name!"

"Well, well! We need worry no more about it. Rest assured, your claim is perfectly valid."

"I shall never assert it!"

"But why?"

"In the memory of that woman whose name I bear—my mother," said Pennington, pointing to the portrait, "and of the wrong you did her. Gaze on her face now, Lord Harborough! Is she not as fair, as gentle, as the women of your rank? *She was my mother!*" the young man said with a passionate sob in his throat. "She worked and toiled and wept for me when you refused us even bread. *You had other children then*—and in her name I disown you now. I refuse your offer and despise your name!"

The old man turned purple with wrath; but the stone dogs never moved a muscle, and the sleeper by the fire remained discreetly silent.

"This attitude is preposterous!" exploded the elder Carlingford angrily.

"Scarcely more so than that Joseph Pennington, the carpenter, is your heir. That statement requires my corroboration. Claim it if you dare!"

"But you *must!*"

"*Must*, my Lord! Try me! Protest and swear to all the world I am your grandson, and I'll declare your words a lie."

"You will not dare!"

The young man laughed.

"I merely return you your own fable, my Lord—my only inheritance; the dowry of the woman who had it from your own honourable house."

A faint red tinge showed for an instant through the pallid cheeks of the old peer, and a glimmer of a smile flickered over the countenance of the slumbering attorney.

"Clever repartee—for a carpenter," said his Lordship after a pause, in a hard, dry voice. "Have you counted the cost?"

"I have thought it all over."

"Think again!" replied the old man coldly.

There was silence.

Outside, still the squalor, glare, and clamour; the children clamouring and crying in the gutter. Within, the gloom of poverty struggling with appearances; each day to grow more solitary and oppressive. And this to give up for wealth! Luxury in place of toil and want! Soft pillows, heavy-piled

carpets, and pretty faces in place of hardship and the sight of endless animal suffering! Beautiful music, woodland birds, and trickling brooks should soothe his ear in place of the hard street-cries! . . . He faltered.

The old man marked him grimly.

Then the memory of that gentle, tender face came back to him with its life of pain and sorrow, its load of shame, its burden of agonised wrong. And the voice of the man who had doomed her broke through the silent ways of memory and recalled him—as the voice of the Tempter—back to consciousness.

"Well!"

"Good-bye!"—and he held out his hand. "I have thought. Even if there had been one spark of regret in your heart I might speak differently; but there is not. I know it, and so do you. For the one who lies quiet in her grave or the son who is living you do not care a rap. All you want is a successor, an heir to carry your worthless name down to another vice-cursed generation. For her sake I take revenge where I can strike hardest—your family pride, your ancient race; and in her name—the schoolmaster's daughter, on whose blood you depend—I tell you—you have no heir!"

Lord Harborough slipped back into his seat aghast with rage.

"Do you realise what you give up for this quixotic whim?" cried he, trembling with anger.

"Less than I retain. My honour—my self-respect—"

He moved suggestively to the door. The old man rose from the chair into which he had half fallen. Then, preceded by his grandson and followed by his sallow satellite, he staggered blinking into the sunshine outside.

The young man opened the carriage door, while the legal authority helped the broken-down peer into his coach.

"The young fool!" he muttered, and cursed loudly.

The lumbering yellow chariot rolled away down the pebbled street, followed by an eager gaping-mouthed crowd from the narrow birdcaged and creeper-decked tenements.

The young carpenter silently watched till the cumbrous yellow wheels were lost in a cloud of dust at the narrow turning; then stood, still gazing far, far away, in a silent dream, long after the little Baymouth street had recovered its usual aspect.

The air grew more hot and sultry, oppressive almost to suffocation; the sky gleamed with an evening flare as the long black shadows of afternoon faded from the narrow pavement in the waning light. Over all seemed an unwonted quiet—all save the dream was ended. The little shoemaker had resumed his intermittent tapping, and the Honourable John Carlingford—stepped back to his bench.

THE END.



"Have you counted the cost?"

RUSSIAN MILITARY ACTIVITY IN EASTERN SIBERIA.

DRAWN BY P. FRENZENY.



RUSSIAN ENGINEERS ERECTING A TELEGRAPH-LINE BETWEEN VLADIVOSTOCK AND CONSTANTI-NOVELSK.

STEAM TURBINES FOR CHANNEL VESSELS: THE SYSTEM EXPLAINED.

DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER FROM MATERIAL SUPPLIED BY MESSRS. PARSONS.

Fig. 5. Section and Plan of the new Dover, Calais, steamer "The Queen".

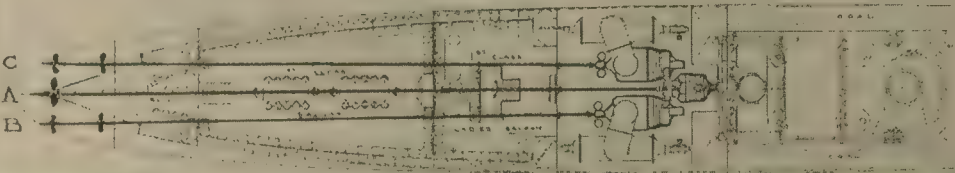
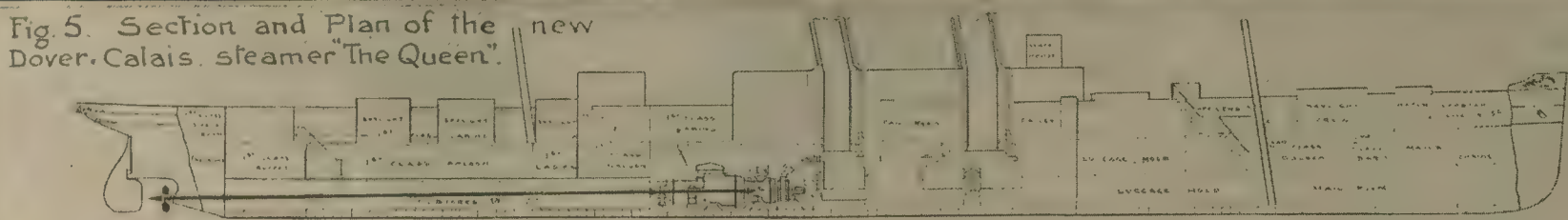
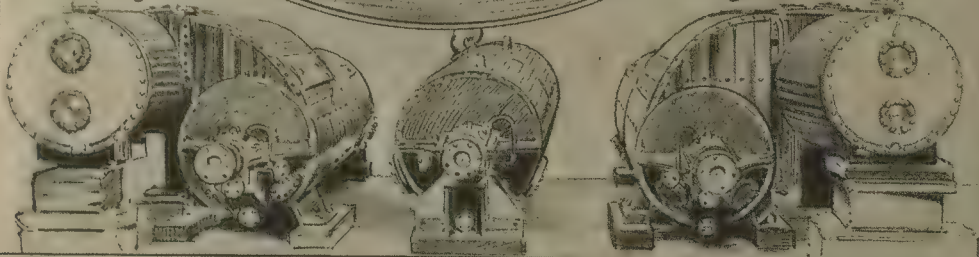


Fig. 3. Turbine machinery for driving three shafts



In steam and coal consumption, increased accommodation and stability of vessel owing to low position of machinery, increased safety of engine-room staff owing to absence of reciprocating parts, reduced weight of machinery, and reduced cost of attendance on machinery. The Parsons steam-turbine is coming into use, and bids fair to supersede the reciprocating engine for certain classes of vessels. In the section and plan (Fig. 5) is shown the arrangement of machinery in the turbine Channel steamer, "The Queen." There are three screw shafts (A, B, and C) each driven by a separate turbine. One high-pressure turbine of 4000 horse-power drives the centre shaft A, and two low-pressure turbines, each having a horse-power of 4000, drive the outer shafts, giving an aggregate collective horse-power ahead of 12,000. The centre screw shaft A is fitted with one propeller, and rotates about 300 revolutions per minute. The steam from the boilers is admitted directly to the high pressure turbine driving the centre shaft, and then passes through two self-closing valves to the low-pressure turbines. The three shafts then drive the vessel ahead. To go astern, the ahead steam-valve is closed and the astern valves on each side of the vessel are opened, admitting the steam from the boilers to the astern turbines and reversing the direction of the screw shafts, the centre turbine rotating idly in a vacuum while the vessel is going astern.

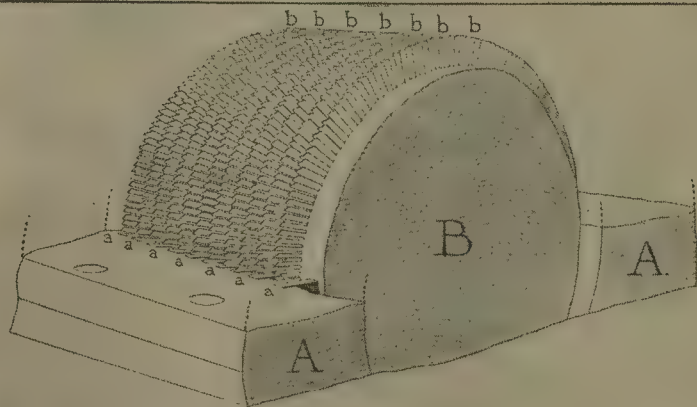


Fig. 1. Steam Turbine with top part of cylinder removed to show arrangement of blades

STEAM TURBINES.

A STEAM TURBINE consists (Fig. 1) of a cylindrical case (A), with rings of inwardly projecting blades (a, a). Within this cylinder, which is of variable internal diameter, is a shaft or spindle (B), and on this spindle are mounted another series of blades (b, b), by means of which the shaft is rotated. These are called the rotating or moving blades, the others the fixed or guide blades. The diameter of the spindle is less than the internal diameter of the cylinder: thus an annular space is left between the two. This space is occupied by the alternate rows of fixed and rotating blades, and it is through it the steam flows. The cylinder is made in two parts, and in Fig. 1 the top part is removed; but the position of the rings of guide blades is clearly shown by the first row. Steam enters the cylinder by means of an annular port near the end of the spindle. It meets a ring of fixed guide blades, which deflects it so that it strikes the adjoining ring of moving blades at such an angle that it exerts on them a rotary impulse. When the steam leaves these blades it has been deflected. The second ring of fixed blades is therefore interposed to change its direction again and send it on to the second ring of rotating blades. The same thing occurs with succeeding rings of guide and moving blades until the steam escapes at the exhaust passage. Among the advantages claimed for the steam turbine are complete absence of vibration from main engines, increased economy

The "Turbina" Torpedo-boat.

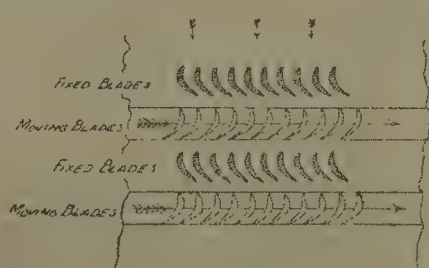
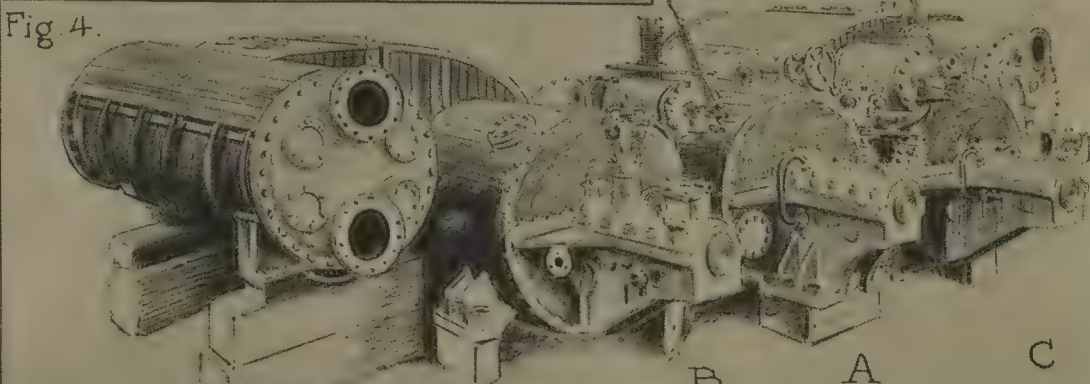


Fig. 2. showing angle at which the blades are set and their form.

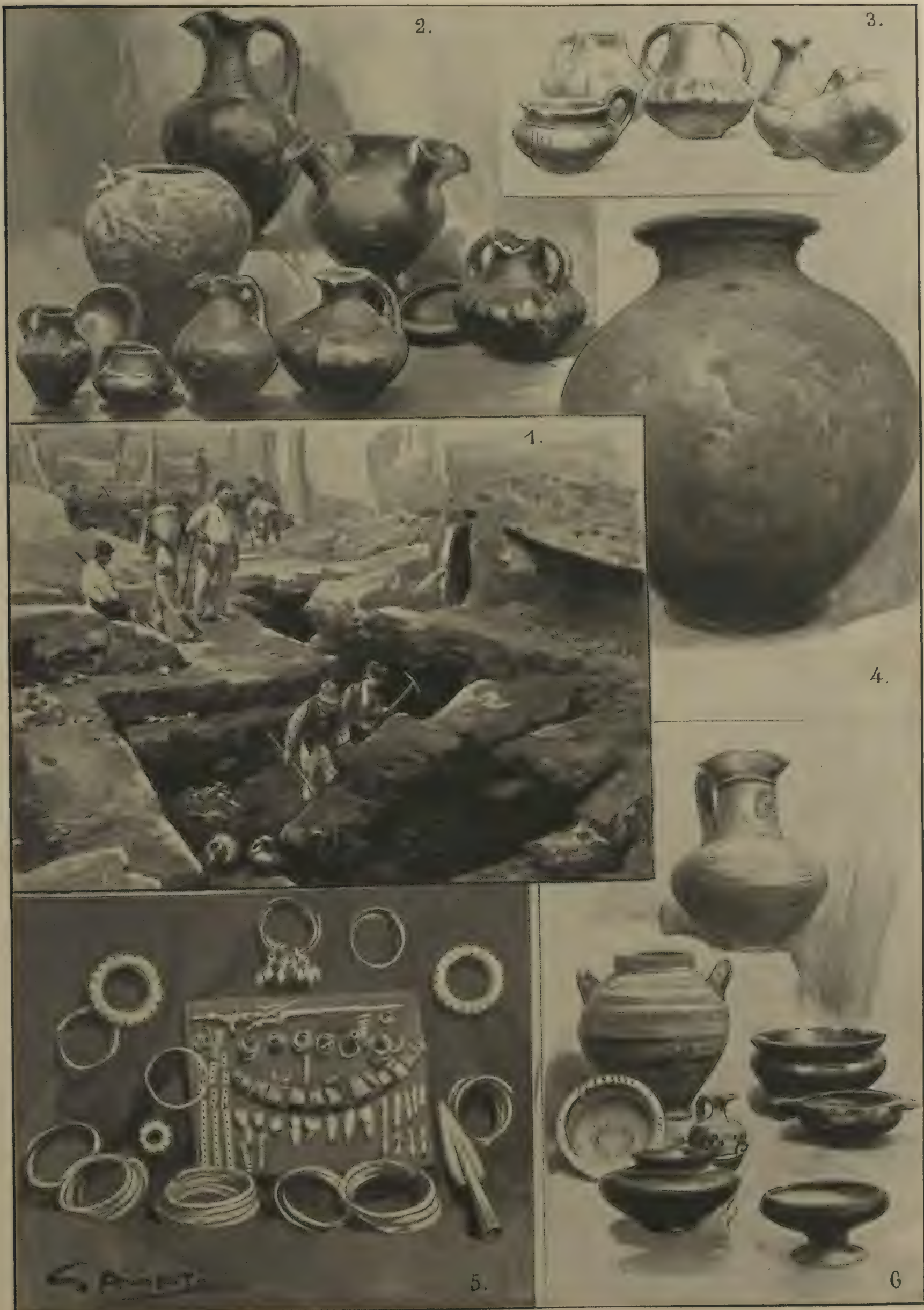
Fig. 4.



The Turbine Engines of the new Dover Calais steamer The Queen

AN EARLIER POMPEII: ANTIQUITIES BURIED BY VESUVIUS ABOUT 700 B.C.

DRAWN BY G. AMATO, OUR SPECIAL ARTIST IN ITALY.



1. THE EXCAVATIONS AT SAN MARZANO, IN THE VALLEY OF THE SARNO, CAMPANIA: THE ROMAN HOUSE AND ARCHAIC TOMBS (EARLIER THAN THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C.) BURIED BY AN UNKNOWN ERUPTION OF VESUVIUS.
2. VASES OF NATIVE WARE FOUND IN ONE OF THE TOMBS.

3. VASES OF BLACKISH EARTHENWARE, KNOWN AS ITALIAN BUCCARO.
4. THE VASE CALLED "PITHOS," FOUND IN THE PREHISTORIC CEMETERY.
5. ARCHAIC BRONZES FOUND IN A TOMB DURING THE EXCAVATIONS.
6. PROTO-CORINTHIAN VASES OF GRECIAN BUCCARO FOUND IN A GREEK BURYING-PLACE.

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

Ideas of Good and Evil. By W. B. Yeats. (London: Bollen. 6s.)
Jephtha: A Drama. Translated from the Latin of George Buchanan by the Rev. A. Gordon Mitchell. Illustrated by Jessie M. King. (Paisley: Gardner. 3s. 6d.)
Studies in the Cartesian Philosophy. By Norman Smith. (London: Macmillan. 5s.)
Six Dramas of Calderon. Translated by Edward FitzGerald. (London: The Delamore Press. 3s. 6d.)
Cecilia Gonzaga. By R. C. Trevelyan. (London: Longmans, Green. 2s. 6d.)
Florence: Her History and Art to the Fall of the Republic. By Francis A. Hyett. (London: Methuen. 7s. 6d.)
The Poems of Thomas Traherne, B.D. Edited by Bertram Dobell. (London: Dobell. 7s. 6d.)
Love and a Cottage. By Keble Howard. (London: Grant Richards. 3s. 6d.)
Sidelights on Charles Lamb. By Bertram Dobell. (London: Dobell. 5s. net.)

Mr. Yeats, one of the most delightful of living poets to read, is one of the most difficult of living essayists to review. His imaginative work transports us to fairyland or to primitive ages; his critical work reminds us continually and obtrusively of his own personality. We learn that he had a nightmare on such and such a night, that he has forgotten where he read some unimportant thing, that he believes in various doctrines with the evidence for which it is apparently not worth while to trouble us, that he thinks his verses sound very well when recited in a certain manner. To many of us a mystical egoist is a trifle repellent. We notice that he speaks with a voice of vague authority on many recondite matters of philosophy and literature; we perceive that he seems to know nothing of the vast world of Indian philosophy, from which he might have gathered knowledge congenial to his spirit and worth setting down. He gives the impression of a very extensive ignorance of Greek literature, though he is quite sure that certain things are in the Greek spirit. He knows a few recent French writers, but he cannot spell proper names. His criticism is essentially unscholarly. Thus, in speaking of Shelley's "Alastor," he is guilty of the elementary blunder of imagining Alastor the human hero of the poem. So far, the *advocatus diaboli*. But, on the other hand, his book is full of a very singular charm. He has the gift of melodious prose; his choice of words is felicitous. He expounds a mystical creed, secure in its ignorance of metaphysics, a vague pantheism intermingled with a belief in magic. To the practical, the businesslike, he has no appeal: he hates the profane vulgar, and effectually warns it off. Plato (whom he really ought to read) would have crowned him with a wreath and sent him away to another city. But in the unsubstantial realm which lies behind some of the tenderest poetry, the dreamiest music, he is an inspiring guide. We cannot profess to care for his excursions into magic or philosophy, but on Shelley, Blake (most notably), William Morris, the Celtic element in literature, and dramatic art, Mr. Yeats has things to say (and says them exquisitely) which should appeal to all who care for letters. The present volume will hardly increase his reputation, but should widen it: it is the expression of an erratic and unsubstantial but very genuine gift.

It is one of Time's revenges that the employment of the Latin language by sixteenth and seventeenth century British writers, designed to secure for their work an immediate audience throughout Europe, has in the end buried that work in the mass of forgotten books. Certain legal, philosophical, and political treatises written in Latin have, of course, kept their place; but George Buchanan's dramas and poems are as dead as Milton's Latin pamphlets. Mr. Mitchell's object is a worthy one: Buchanan was a very great figure in the Scotland of his day, and deserves to be remembered for other reasons than that he was the tutor of the British Solomon. But one may doubt whether his "Jephthes" would have possessed its present form had it been written in the vernacular. Mr. Mitchell might very well have told his readers something about the original metres. They are compelled—if they will not ransack old libraries—to judge "Jephtha," with its alternations of blank verse and irregular rhymed choruses, without the chance of reference to the original. The drama is a somewhat conventional imitation of Euripides, but is evidently a rhetorical exercise not designed for the stage. We have once more the inevitable "Messenger" of Greek tragedy, whose narrative contains most of the action of the piece. Perhaps Milton's "Samson Agonistes" presents the closest English parallel. The story of Jephtha's daughter (curiously like the sacrifice of Iphigenia) is fine tragic material, and Mr. Mitchell's verse gives an impression of sustained dignity. In short, his experiment was worth making. But the volume is marred by weak illustrations in the Aubrey Beardsley manner, grotesquely out of keeping with the simplicity of the Old Testament story.

Descartes has been called the father of modern philosophy. He has usually been regarded as having completely broken away from the scholastic methods, and as having inaugurated a new era of freedom in philosophic thought. In these studies it is sought to show that Descartes was not entirely successful in emancipating himself from the scholastic influence. As a physical scientist, he must be regarded as having succeeded, and Mr. Smith would homologate Huxley's judgment that Descartes anticipated what would be the thoughts of all men three hundred years after him. This, however, is true only in so far as the opinion relates to Descartes' achievements in natural science. In his metaphysical teaching "it is no exaggeration to assert that all that lies outside his philosophy of nature, or is not illumined by a reflex light from it, remains in essentials scholastic in conception." These studies are confined as far as possible to the metaphysics of Descartes and of his followers. The first three chapters of the book contain an exposition of the problem, the method, and the metaphysics of Descartes himself. In the first

chapter there is a most interesting comparison of the theories of knowledge held by Augustine and Descartes. The similarity is striking, as confirming the author's main thesis as to the scholasticism of Descartes. The second chapter shows why it is that Descartes lays such emphasis on the mathematical method as affording truths of which the mind is clearly and intuitively certain. The third chapter is an acute criticism of the metaphysical position of Cartesianism. The remaining chapters are devoted to tracing the influence of the Cartesian principles in Spinoza, Leibnitz, Locke, and Hume, till finally philosophy is emancipated from the mathematical method in Kant. The style of the book throughout is luminous, and it ought to take an unrivalled place as a complete and scholarly exposition.

The marked success of Edward FitzGerald's translation of Omar Khayyâm's "Rubáiyât" overshadows all his other work. His translation of certain plays by the great Spanish dramatist, Pedro Calderon de la Barca, is not widely known, but every man who has as much as a nodding acquaintance with Spanish literature must welcome the publication of a new edition of the book. The "Six Dramas of Calderon" in the dainty series of reprints issued by the Delamore Press give the reader no more than a limited idea of the Spanish master's gifts—and FitzGerald was as free with Calderon as he was with the Persian tent-maker; but a glimpse, however transitory, at the drama of the seventeenth century in Spain is too valuable to be neglected. Moreover, though FitzGerald translated freely, he had a fine instinct and a great literary gift of his own, so that, if he did take liberties with the original, the translation was seldom the worse for them, for Calderon was a very rapid worker, and probably gave less time to the plays than FitzGerald gave to their translation. The half-dozen FitzGerald selected for an English dress give a fair idea of the playwright's gifts as a tragedian, and his sense of humour, expressed through the medium of characters that recall the comedians of our own master



CALDERON DE LA BARCA.

FROM AN ETCHING BY R. DE EGUSQUIZA.

Reproduced from "Six Dramas of Calderon," by permission of the Delamore Press.

dramatist, is not less favourably presented. It is undeniable that many Continental dramatists borrowed very freely from Calderon's works. Apart from seventy odd *autos*, or liturgical plays, some hundred and twenty of his dramas are still in existence, and some of the plots have even made their way to England by way of France. Calderon pictures Spanish life and thought at a time when Spain was a very great Power, and enables us to see in the punctilious attention to an absurd code of honour and the excess of religious emotion to the point of fanaticism, the cause of some of the troubles that wrecked the Empire.

Mr. Trevelyan's tragedy, "Cecilia Gonzaga," is almost all in blank verse, but there is little or nothing to justify the trouble to which he puts the reader, who has to assume the metrical pace in reading or to indemnify himself for the labour of ranging iambic syllables. The mission of metre is to control the poetic spirit, which must be bound because it is wild, whereas prose may be free because it is tame. Where there is little poetic spirit, little passion, little imagination—hardly so much as a poor metaphor—the bonds of verse sit loose and are nothing but a superfluity. Thus it is with this little tragedy. A tragedy, moreover, should not be little. Mr. Trevelyan has a liking for romance of a somewhat conventional kind: his villains are of a well-known type, his high-minded persons of thin individuality, and the fate of both will hardly move the most inexperienced reader. It is not, of course, with the simplicity of motive or character that we find fault; we wish, on the contrary, that we might see signs of a larger and more natural view of life, love, and morality than modern literature shows us; but such simplicity must be rich in order to be influential, and the simplicity of this drama is not rich.

The history of Florence, which is the history of civil war and of civic strife—of battles of the sword, of the tongue, and of flowers even—hints, in fact, at the history of all Italy, and focusses the disturbances spread liberally over other lands. The broils between families

within one city's walls picture in small the contests fought upon the larger fields of a nation's territories. But the stones of Florence have been trodden by the impassioned and hurrying feet of men more diversely drawn thither by leaders of a moment's choosing than have ever the streets of Paris or Amsterdam, London or Bristol. Peace has always had her long periods in the existence of the old towns of England; for even when war galloped at random over the country this town and that went unvisited. But in Florence herself were the headquarters and the fighting-grounds of Florentine ambitions. Her rival families sought fight one with another in her streets; her revolutions and enmities smouldered, flamed, and were stamped out within the narrow confines of her own sunlit walls. To follow Mr. Hyett's admirable chronology is to see, at little more than a glance, how constant, how vitally absorbing, were the wars of Florence. Arms against Siena, against Pisa, against Pistoja, a murder, a massacre, an expulsion, an overthrow, the abolition of this law and the institution of that code or association—these are the incidents that make notable each Florentine year in a random thirty of the thirteenth century. So much has lately been written of Italy, her history as well as her art, that it might be feared no room could be found for Mr. Hyett's volume on our crowded library shelves. The form it has taken is, however, all in its favour. While other serious histories bulk largely—Napier's to six volumes and Trollope's to four—Mr. Hyett has confined himself to one volume, has given it a good index, and does not go into the minute details of art and architecture that can be readily obtained in the excellent guide-books now available everywhere. The story of Florence is, however, inseparably bound up with that of her poets, her preachers, and her painters, many of whom in comprehensive days were also her politicians; and Mr. Hyett must needs, therefore, be a critic of letters as well as of life. He brings no little ability to the task, and if he lacks originality, the reply may be hazarded that originality has little scope in such a work.

Mr. Bertram Dobell has rendered a service to letters in rescuing from oblivion the poems of the Rev. Thomas Traherne, whose muse is first cousin to that of George Herbert and Vaughan. Traherne, a native of Hereford, was born about 1636. He studied at Brasenose College and entered the Church, devoting himself to the cultivation of a curiously mystical vein of poetry. As a child he seems to have been precociously introspective, and that he carried the unworldliness of childhood into later life his singularly pure verse remains to prove. His expressed religion is natural and theistic rather than dogmatic, his style rich and forcible, and his work as a whole the manifestation of a choice and cultivated spirit. Mr. Dobell writes an able introduction.

Humorists are in these days sadly to seek, but if Mr. Keble Howard ("Chicot") goes on as he is doing, his ultimate contribution to the gaiety of nations ought to earn him the gratitude of his countrymen, if not a corner in Westminster Abbey—which reward, we trust, may be far distant. His latest work, "Love and a Cottage," recounts, with a more restrained humour than he has hitherto displayed, the adventures of a honeymoon couple, who resolved to have none of hotels, but to retire to rural solitudes and do their own house-keeping for the first month of bliss. The fun is chastened by a touch of idyllic sentiment which betrays "Chicot" in his most amiable light. He is still the jester, of course, but he is something of the poet as well, and when humour and poetry meet in such a happy fantasy as that under consideration, the reader has little left to desire. Certain extravagances and stock situations still retain Mr. Howard's favour, but their hold is loosening, and the day is not far distant when he will no longer require these adventitious aids to drollery.

In garnering from the pages of the old *London Magazine* articles which, though unsigned, might from internal evidence be attributed to Charles Lamb, Mr. Bertram Dobell, by reason of the essayist's many imitators in thought and style, set himself a task of considerable difficulty; and we note without surprise, if with regret, that the "newly discovered contributions" of Elia are confined to a single chapter, and number only nine. As to how many of these can with any degree of certainty be regarded as authentic is, of course, entirely a matter of personal judgment. Mr. Dobell himself advances several of them with diffidence; and we ourselves, for example, find it impossible to reconcile the lines—

For books which one is only able
To read—by spreading on a table,
Seldom invite inspection,

which occur in the "Verses to Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, and Brown, on their publication of Wordsworth's 'Excursion' in Octavo," with Lamb's avowed love for his midnight darlings, his folios—"huge armfuls." Surely the same hand did not pen two sentiments so diametrically opposed. Individual opinion apart, however, the discoveries provide material for a most instructive discussion. With regard to the body of the book, the author has practically disarmed criticism by the frank acknowledgment that he has introduced some matters which, however interesting in themselves, can scarcely claim to come within the scope of his theme. Mr. Dobell thus places his finger upon the weakest spot in his volume. There is far too much irrelevant matter contained in it. The history of the *London Magazine*, and of its first editor, John Scott, Wainwright and his work, "Gleanings from the *London Magazine*" and the rest, are entertaining enough, but they are only in part Lamb; and it was most certainly a mistake to devote some seven-and-twenty pages to the extremely dull "The Literary Ovation; or, The Row in an Uproar." Without in any way wishing to accuse Mr. Dobell of book-making, we feel that had he discarded half of the material he has utilised, "Sidelights on Charles Lamb" would have better justified its title.



MATOPPO, THE SIRE OF THE HYBRIDS, IN HIS SUMMER COAT.



BRENDA, A CLYDESDALE ZEBRA HYBRID, FULL GROWN.



AN ICELAND-PONY-ZEBRA HYBRID, WITH HIS MOTHER AND HALF-SISTER.



A CLYDESDALE DAM WITH HER FIRST ZEBRA HYBRID, BRENDA.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF ZEBRA-HORSE HYBRIDS AS TRANSPORT ANIMALS FOR INDIA.

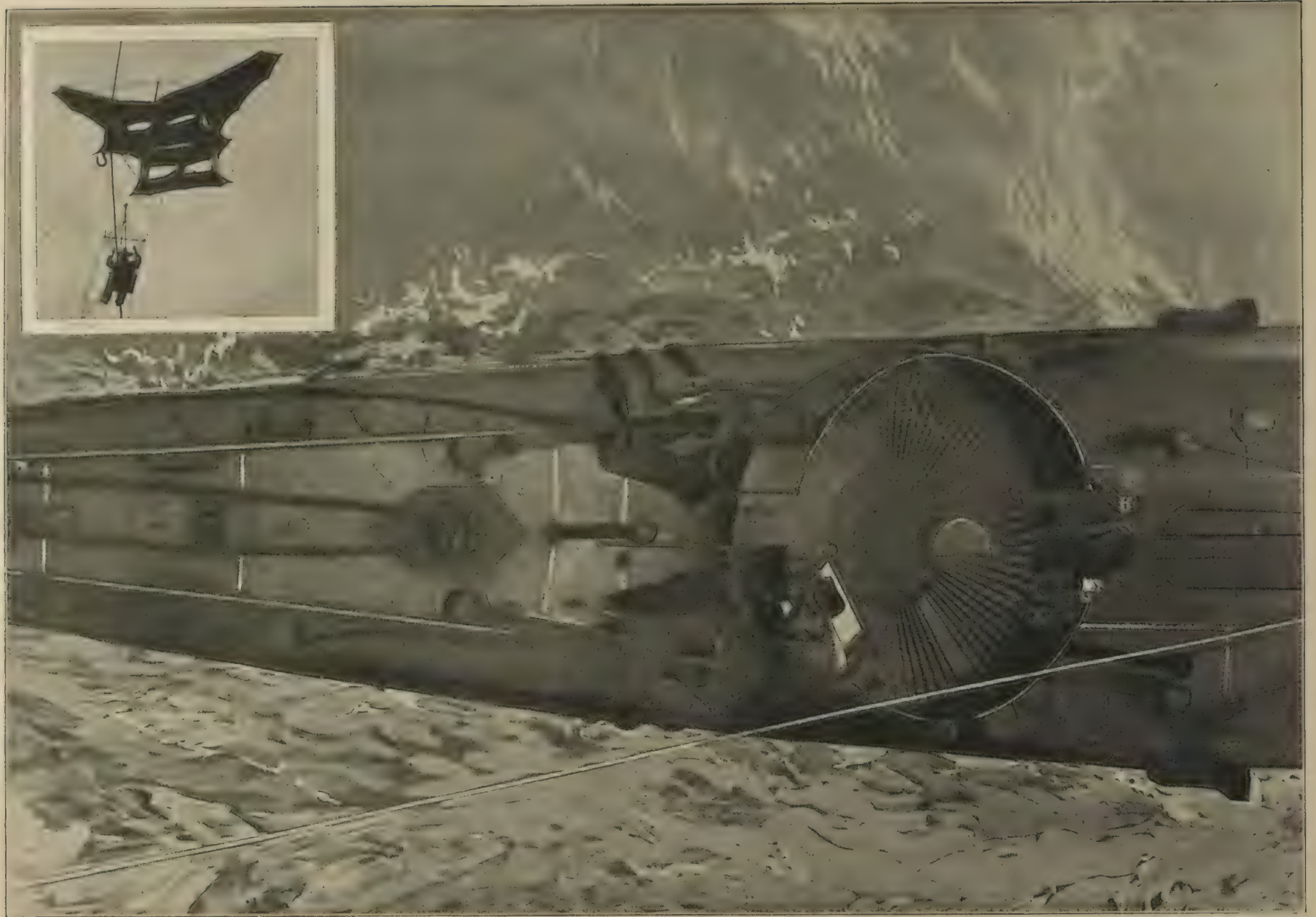
Zebras with a strain of the Clydesdale or the Iceland pony are now being experimentally bred for Indian transport service.



THE BABY BISON AT THE "ZOO": THE CALF (AT TEN DAYS OLD) AND ITS MOTHER.

The calf was born on May 27. Its dam and sire were presented to the Zoological Society last year by the Duke of Bedford.

THE CODY AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.



A UNIQUE PHOTOGRAPH: A TORPEDO-BOAT DESTROYER VIEWED FROM A HUGE KITE TOWED BY THE VESSEL.
This curious photograph of the torpedo-boat destroyer H.M.S. "Starfish" was taken from the Cody Aeroplane in flight.



SAPHO (Madame Jane Hading).

JEAN GAUSSIN (M. A. Arnaud).

DECHELETTE (M. E. Duquesne).

MADAME JANE HADING'S SEASON AT THE CORONET THEATRE: THE FRENCH ACTRESS IN DAUDET'S "SAPHO."

SKETCH BY RALPH CLEAVER.

THE BRITISH DOMINIONS BEYOND THE SEAS.—No. XXII.: THE BERMUDAS.

DRAWN BY R. CATON WOODVILLE.



OUR FIRST FOOTING IN THE BERMUDAS: ADMIRAL SIR GEORGE SUMMERS' WRECKED ON THE ISLANDS IN 1609.

Sir George Summers, one of the chief promoters of the South Virginian Company, sailed on June 2, 1609, with a body of settlers. He was wrecked on the then little-known island, called after Juan Bermudas, the Spanish seaman who first sighted them in 1515. Summers took possession of the islands in the name of James I., and remained there for several months. He then proceeded to Virginia, but returned, in November 1610, to the Bermudas, where, on the 9th of the same month, he died "of a surfeit of eating of oysters."



THE 500TH
ANNIVERSARY
OF
NOTRE DAME
DES DUNES
AT
DUNKIRK.



Girls symbolising the seventeen provinces of the Pays Bas in national costume, set off by modern umbrellas.

A group of 1236: Godfrey de Condé et Fontaine.

The maids-of-honour of Notre Dame des Dunes.

A second Dunkirk statue rescued from the sea: the master fishermen bearing the statue of Notre Dame du Bon Secours, discovered in 1642.



Photo. Gribayédoff, Paris.

THE DISTINGUISHED AUDIENCE AT THE RECEPTION.



Photo. Gribayédoff, Paris.

M. ROSTAND READING HIS SPEECH BEFORE HIS SENIORS OF THE ACADEMY.



M. ROSTAND AT WORK IN HIS STUDY AT CAMEO.

M. EDMOND ROSTAND'S FORMAL ADMISSION INTO THE FRENCH ACADEMY.

The author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" was formally received into the Academy on June 4. His speech took the form of an eloquent eulogy of his predecessor, Henri le Bornier. In the upper small picture appear Sarah Bernhardt, General de Galliffet, General Zurlinden, Madame Rostand, and Madame Deschanel.



THE WEST EDGE OF THE SLIDE, LOOKING TOWARDS
TURTLE MOUNTAIN.



THE BUSINESS STREET OF FRANK, ALBERTA, WITH TURTLE MOUNTAIN AND THE SLIDE
IN THE DISTANCE.



THE LARGEST MASSES OF ROCK IN THE SUBSIDENCE: THE SLIDE, LOOKING WEST
FROM THE CENTRE.



BANDSMERE'S HOUSE AND THE ROOF OF LEITCH'S HOUSE, THROUGH THE HOLE
IN WHICH TWO GIRLS WERE RESCUED.

EFFECTS OF THE GREAT MOUNTAIN SLIDE AT FRANK, BRITISH COLUMBIA, APRIL 29.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HOWARD CASE.

BISHOP OF LONDON.

THE KING.

THE QUEEN.

DEAN GREGORY.

THE LORD MAYOR.



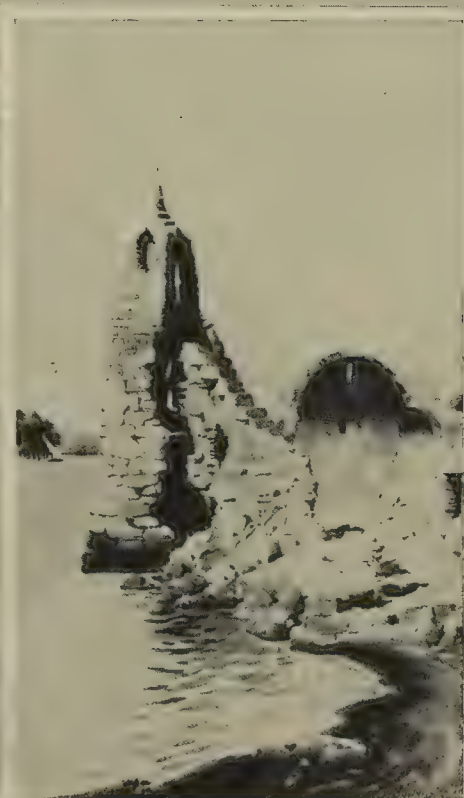
THEIR 'MAJESTIES' INTEREST IN THE CAUSE OF THE SUFFERING: KING EDWARD AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA AT THE HOSPITAL SUNDAY SERVICE AT ST. PAUL'S, JUNE 7.

DRAWN BY S. BEGG.

The King and Queen were preceded up the nave of the Cathedral by the Lord Mayor, Sir Marcus Samuel, bearing the Pearl Sword of the City. Their Majesties were escorted to their chairs under the dome by the Bishop of London and Dean Gregory. The Bishop of Stepney was the preacher. A large body of nurses in uniform lent appropriate picturesqueness to the scene.

EFFECTS OF THE ASSOUAN DAM ON THE RUINS AT PHILÆ AND THE ADJACENT VILLAGES.

FROM THE WATER-COLOURS BY FRIDERICK F. OGILVIE, NOW ON EXHIBITION AT THE MODERN GALLERY, BOND STREET.



THE ONLY PORTIONS OF THE GROUND-LEVEL OF THE TEMPLES NOT ENTIRELY SUBMERGED: THE SMALL COURTYARD ON THE EAST OF THE SANCTUARY OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS.

THE LAST LOW NILE BEFORE THE COMPLETION OF THE DAM: PHILÆ VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH, JUNE 1902.

THE LAST MODERN BUILDING TO FAIL AFTER THE FLOODING OF THE VILLAGE IN NOVEMBER 1902: A MINARET IN SHIFLAL.

THE PORTION OF THE RUINS ENTIRELY SUBMERGED BY THE FULL RESERVOIR: THE TEMPLE OF NECTANEBO, THE EARLIEST OF THE PHILÆ RUINS.

THE MAIN DOORWAY OF THE TEMPLE OF ISIS AT PHILÆ IN FEBRUARY 1903.

THE HIGHEST POINT REACHED BY THE WATER: THE HALL OF COLUMNS PARTIALLY FLOODED, FEBRUARY 1903.

THE HIGHEST WATER IN THE NEW RESERVOIR: PHILÆ VIEWED FROM THE SOUTH, FEBRUARY 1903.

A MODERN BUILDING RUINED BY THE RISING WATER: A MOSQUE IN A NUBIAN VILLAGE.

THE GREAT CHARITY BALL IN AID OF THE LONDON HOSPITAL, JUNE 9.



THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS
OF THE COMMITTEE.

LADY NEWTON.
THE COUNTESS OF YARBOROUGH.
THE COUNTESS OF PEMBROKE AND MONTGOMERY.
LADY PEARSON.
MRS. REGINALD GARRATT.

COUNTESS LUCILLE DE H. DE MANIN.
LADY BARNARD.
THE COUNTESS OF DERBY (President).
THE HON. SYDNEY HOLLAND
(Chairman of the London Hospital).

THE MARCHIONESS OF LONDONDERRY.
LADY DAWKINS.
THE COUNTESS OF ANCASTER.
MRS. ALFRED HARMSWORTH.
MRS. SPENDER.

The photograph of the Countess of Derby is by Brown, Barnes, and Bell; that of Mrs. Spender by Elliott and Fry; the rest by Lafayette.

THE GREAT FLOODS IN KANSAS: SCENES IN THE DISTRICT.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS, JUNE 13, 1903.—910



A SEVENTEEN-MILE-WIDE EXPANSE OF WATER
ON THE MISSISSIPPI.



AN INUNDATED STREET IN ARKANSAS TOWN,
SHOWING IMPROVISED BRIDGES.



A
RAILWAY
TRAIN
PASSING
THROUGH
THE
FLOODS.



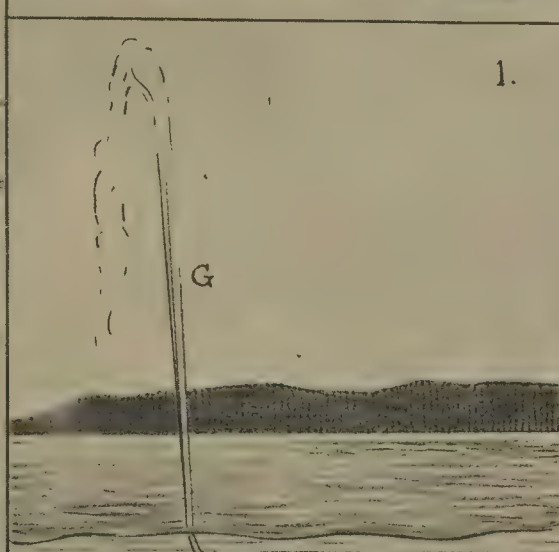
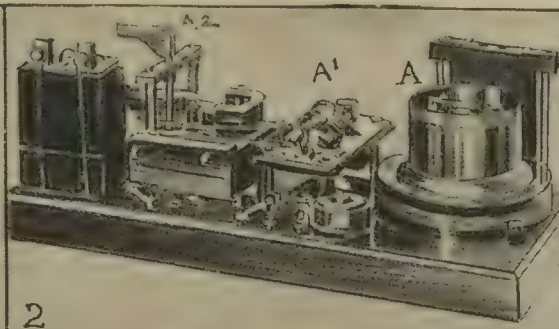
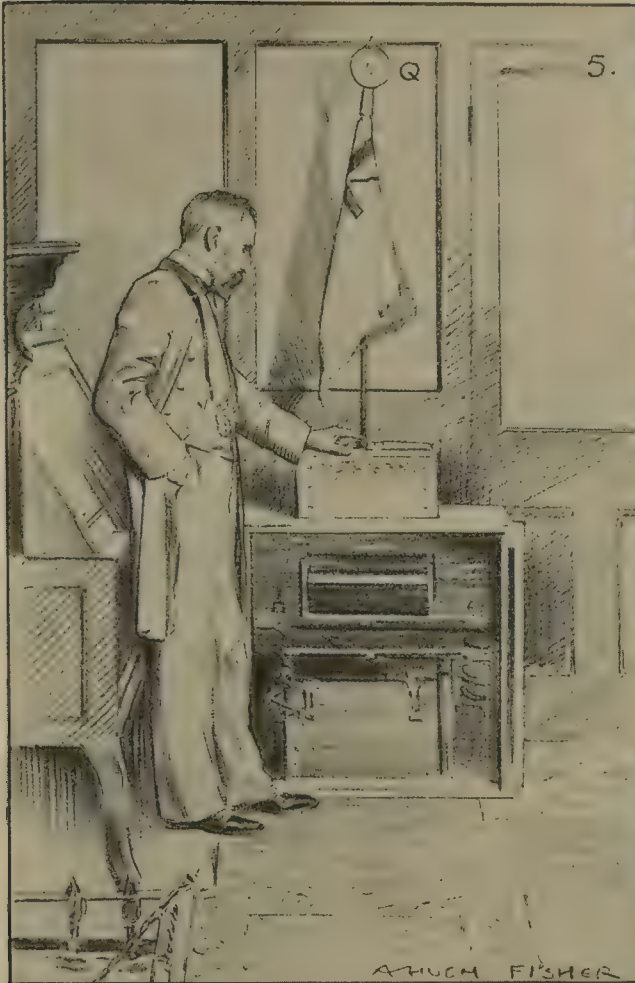
A FLOODED DISTRICT IN ARKANSAS.



THE FLOODS IN THE LUMBER DISTRICTS, ARKANSAS.

THE WIRELESS GUIDANCE OF TORPEDOES BY ELECTRIC WAVES.

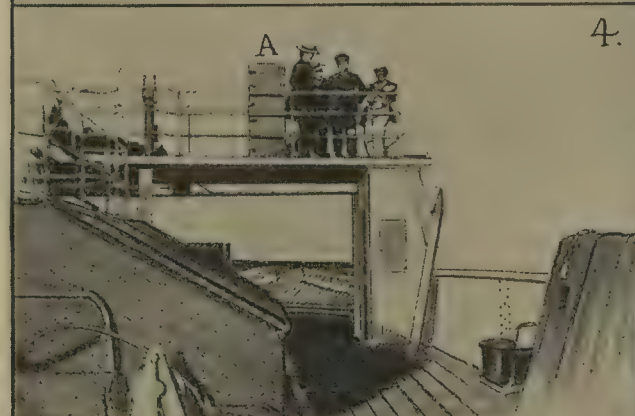
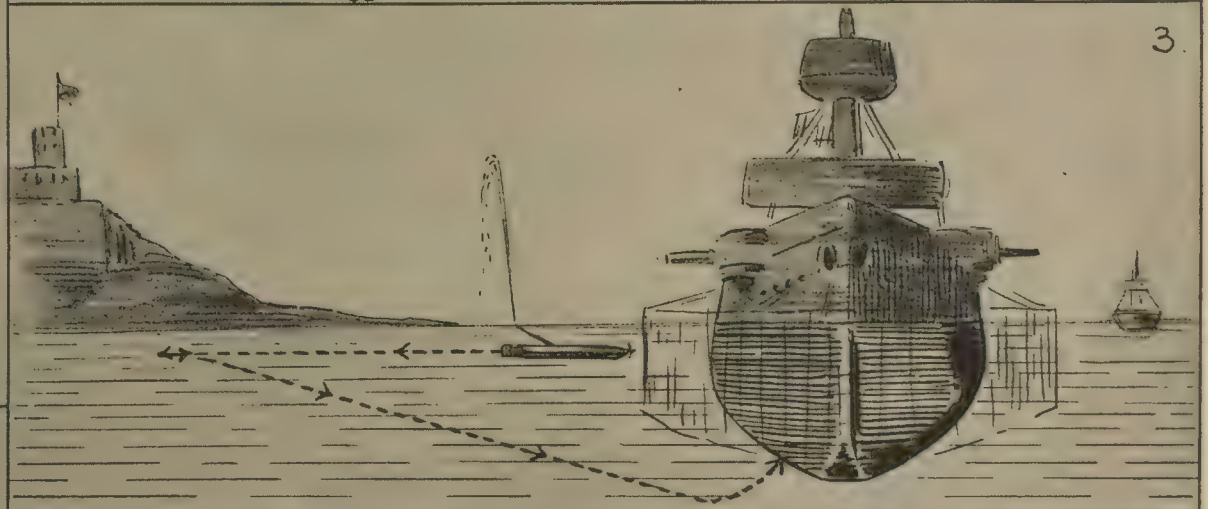
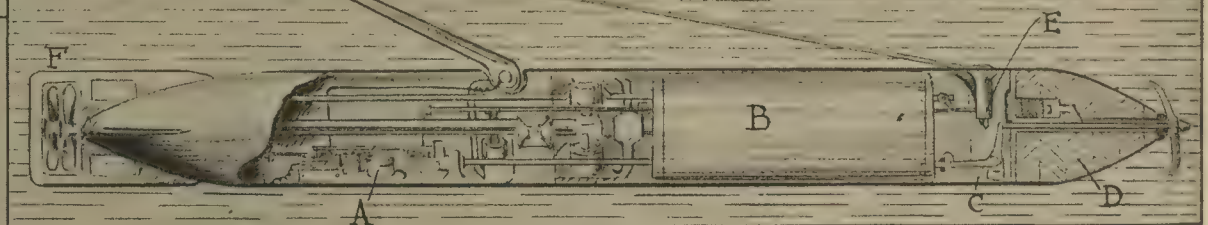
DRAWN BY A. HUGH FISHER.



turn. Every quarter-turn of this arm causes the screws to revolve differently, and consequently makes the torpedo take up a new position. Of course, it was necessary to have some mark to show the position of the torpedo in the water. I used a flag at first, but the Admiralty asked me if I could not devise something which could not possibly be shot down by an enemy. One night I dreamed the way to get over the difficulty, and now we have an air-pressure tank in the torpedo which sucks in salt water and sends it out again like the blow of a whale. They may fire at that for ever without doing any harm. The spray of water at the same time serves as an indestructible receiver for the electric waves. On encountering a war-ship the torpedo first travels towards the netting which surrounds it as a protection against torpedoes of all kinds. After it has struck the net it goes back, as shown by dotted lines in Fig. 3, sinks, as indicated by the said line, and then blows up the vessel."

THE ORLING-ARMSTRONG TORPEDO.

"OUR torpedo is not a projectile," said Mr. Armstrong. "It is just dropped or slipped into the water, and is then, without any connecting-wires, entirely subject to my control, either from the bridge of a ship or a room on shore. Within the torpedo itself is the apparatus shown in Fig. 2. 'A' is the receiver, 'A 1' is an arrangement called a transformer, which makes the fine impulses received from 'A' act upon 'A 2,' an arm, the movement of which causes the screws to



1. SECTION OF TORPEDO SHOWING RECEIVING APPARATUS (A), AIR-CHAMBER (B), DIPPING CHAMBERS (C), EXPLOSIVE HEAD CHARGED WITH GUNCOTTON (D), DOUBLE ESCAPEMENT—FIRST DIPPING, SECOND TO IGNITE THE CHARGE (E), SCREWS (F), BLOW OF WATER SHOWING WHEREABOUTS OF THE TORPEDO AND RECEIVING THE ELECTRIC RAYS (G).
2. RECEIVING APPARATUS WHICH WORKS THE ARM THAT TURNS THE SCREWS.
3. DIAGRAM SHOWING PATH OF THE TORPEDO AFTER STRIKING THE NET OUTSIDE A WAR-SHIP.

4. THE BRIDGE OF A STEAMER WITH TRANSMITTING APPARATUS (A).
5. MR. J. TARBOTTON ARMSTRONG SENDING OUT ELECTRIC RAYS FROM Q, FROM A ROOM ON SHORE, TO CONTROL A TORPEDO OUT AT SEA.
6. MAN AT A WORKING TRANSMITTER WIRES PASSING ALONG UNDER THE WOODEN PLANKS TO B, WHENCE THE ELECTRIC RAYS ARE SENT OUT THROUGH THE AIR, CONTROLLING THE MOVEMENTS OF TORPEDO AT C.

7. SHOWS PATH OF AN ORLING-ARMSTRONG TORPEDO WHICH IS BEING GUIDED TO DESTROY A SUPPOSED CHANNEL TUNNEL.
8. TRANSMITTING STATION, OUT OF VIEW OF THE ENEMY, HIDDEN IN THE FACE OF A CLIFF. THE OPERATOR, WATCHING A TORPEDO AT SEA WITH THE TELESCOPE, CONTROLS HIS MOVEMENTS WITH HIS LEFT HAND ON THE 'BUTTON' OF THE TRANSMITTER, WHICH SENDS OUT ELECTRIC WAVES CAUGHT BY THE TORPEDO.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

AN EXPLANATION OF THE PITCHER-PLANT.

There is no line which more sharply divides the world of life from the non-living universe than that which is included in, or represented by, the necessity for food on the part of the animal or plant. The crystal grows, it is true, but its growth is not the result of the taking of matter unlike itself more or less, and the conversion of that matter into its own substance. There is no assimilation on the part of the non-living thing, whereas the conversion of its nutriment into itself is the great characteristic of vitality. If the biologist desired to state the case for the special objects of his study as against that of the physicist, he might sum it up tersely in the expression that all living things, from the fungus to the stately tree, and from the monad to the man, cry aloud for their daily bread.

A green plant, for instance, lives on water, carbonic acid gas, ammonia, and minerals. Its fare is therefore of inorganic nature, and, by one of those miracles of physiological kind, it turns that which is not living into that which is living. The plant is built up from the "dead" materials of air and soil. Animals, on the other hand, cannot so utilise the items drawn from inorganic nature. They certainly need oxygen and minerals and water, but, in addition, they require a supply of organic matter—that is, of ready-made living food—which is found by them either in the shape of other animals or of plants, or of both. But sharp distinctions between living things and their ways and works are not always easy to draw. The sight of some pitcher-plants recently suggested to my mind the closeness of relationship which science of late days has been demonstrating to exist between the nutrient processes of animals and plants. The lesson the story of the nepenthes and its neighbours may teach us is not one which we can afford lightly to pass by when we seek to tread on the "pastures green" of science.

I presume my readers are familiar with the plants I have just indicated. They are all called "pitcher-plants," although they represent a varied enough group of organisms. They are all tropical as regards their habitat, and derive their name from the peculiar modifications which their leaves exhibit. Each leaf is supported on a long stalk, which below expands into a cavity or pitcher provided with a distinct lid representing the blade of the ordinary leaf. Some of these pitcher-leaves are very large. There is one big leaf of this kind which could easily hold a small bird. There is developed a very distinct rim on the pitcher's mouth, and it would seem that until the leaf attains its full growth the lid closes its opening. At maturity the lid is raised, and the coloured hairs which cover it drop off. These curious leaves glow with attractive hues, and, viewed from a distance, are flower-like in their aspect.

The older botanists knew that within the pitcher-leaves fluid was contained, but they imagined that it was water which, accidentally or otherwise, had gained admittance to the cavities. It was even supposed that this water might be utilised for the ordinary purposes of plant life; but the water-supply of plants is taken up by the root-hairs, and not by the leaves, and so this view of matters could not be entertained as explanatory of the contents of the pitchers. Further research showed that the fluid in the receptacles was of a character which did not correspond to water pure and simple. Again, within the pitchers are found drowned insects in a state of decay and dissolution. Dr. Alfred Russel Wallace, in his "Malay Archipelago," speaks of drinking the water of the pitcher-leaves. About half a pint was held in each. He adds that the water contained many insects and was rather warm, but was otherwise inviting, and palatable enough to thirsty men. Dr. Wallace tells us of pitchers which will hold two quarts. In others the pitcher was twenty inches long, but narrow, and the plant grew to a length of twenty feet.

To-day, science may be said to have solved the mystery which so long attached itself to these curious plants. First of all, we see in the brightness of their leaves an attraction to insects. They are lured by the eye, but they are also attracted by something more substantial, in the way of wherewithal to eat. At the top of the pitcher there are honey-glands, and also around the rim a honey-store is found. These features would seem to indicate the offer of a free breakfast to the insect-tribes. It is, however, the offer of a foe and not that of a friend. The pitcher is a pit of destruction. Smooth is the opening thereof, and slippery is the entrance. The unwary insect, seeking the honey, makes a slip, and then is illustrated the *facilis decensus* principle. Down it falls into the fluid of the receptacle, its wings bedraggled and its energies lessened. If it attempts to return to the upper air, it finds itself in a kind of eel-trap. For the mouth of the pitcher is provided with stiff pointed bristles, which, like a *chevaux-de-frise*, prevent its exit to freedom. Soon the unequal struggle ends, and the insect dies drowned, to add its body as another victim to the artifice of the plant.

The examination of the pitchers and the analysis of the fluid they contain reveal further facts of great interest. In the fluid, and supplied by definite glands situated in the pitcher below, we find a digestive ferment. In other words, our pitcher is a stomach which manufactures a substance capable of digesting animal matter for food. It is, in fact, on digested insects that our pitcher-plants live. More wondrous still is the information that this digestive ferment of the leaf closely resembles that we find in our stomach and our sweetbread. Recent research seems to point to a near resemblance to the ferment in the juice of the last-named organ. The animal world feeds largely on the plants: here are the plants returning the compliment, and in their turn capturing the animal as an essential item in their bill-of-fare.

ANDREW WILSON.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to Chess Editor.

W BROWN (Lurgan).—Try the Editor, *British Chess Magazine*, 38, Park Cross Street, Leeds.

E THOMPSON (Blackburn).—No; only a selection that we think most interesting to our readers.

R T P.—(1) Solutions correct. (2) It is entirely a matter of practice.

J KNIGHT (Notting Hill).—Thanks; we may make use of the information.

G R CLELAND (Stratford).—The gambits are naturally more risky, and therefore less commonly used in tourney play.

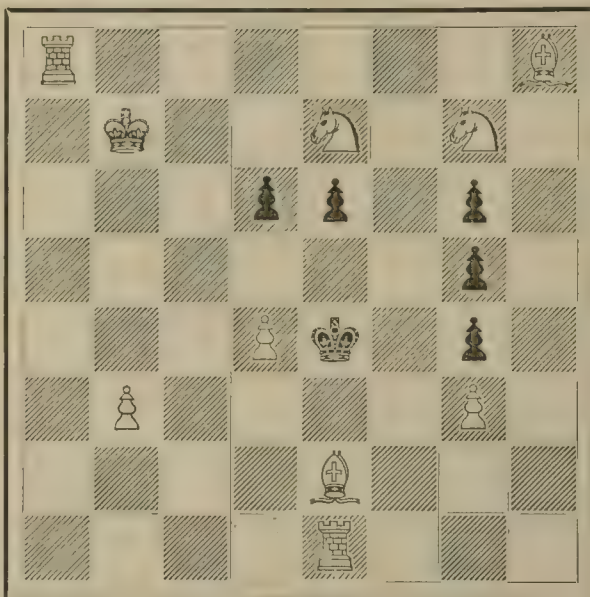
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEMS Nos. 3075 and 3076 received from Banarsi Das (Moradabad); of No. 3081 from Clement C Danby, Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), F Pratt, Carl Prencke (Hamburg), Thomas Charlton (Clapham Park), and G Swidenbank (Hornsey); of No. 3082 from Clement C Danby, M A Eyre (Folkestone), R Milledge, Captain J A Challice (Great Yarmouth), F Pratt, Thomas Charlton, W d'A Barnard (Uppingham), W A Lillico (Glasgow), J F Moon, Frank W Atchinson (Crowthorne), Carl Prencke (Hamburg), W Brown (Lurgan), F J Candy (Tunbridge Wells), and F N Braund (Newport, Isle of Wight).

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3083 received from F Henderson (Leeds), Rev. A Mays (Bedford), Sorrento, Clement C Danby, W A Lillico (Glasgow), Martin F, C E Perugini, F R Pickering, J D Tucker (Ilkley), Edith Corser (Reigate), W D Easton (Sunderland), T Roberts, R Worters (Canterbury), F J S (Hampstead), Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Herbert A Salway, Reginald Gordon, G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), Charles Burnett, J W (Campsie), Shadforth, H Watson (Clifton), Hereward, R T P, G R Clelland (Stratford), and Albert Wolff (Putney).

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3082.—By IRVING CHAPIN.

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to B sq. Any move
2. Mates.

PROBLEM No. 3085.—By J. PAUL TAYLOR.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Metropolitan Chess Club Championship between Messrs. CORNWALL and P. HEALEY.

(Ruy Lopez.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. H.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. P takes P	B takes P
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Q to Q 4th	B to R 3rd
3. B to Kt 5th	Kt to B 3rd	Black handles his game cleverly at this point, but he is assisted by White's fondness for exchanging. White's Pawns on the Queen's wing are now quite helpless, and it is here Black breaks through.	
4. Castles	Kt takes P	20. Q takes P	B to Kt 5th
5. P to Q 4th	Kt to Q 3rd	21. Q takes Q	K R takes Q
6. B takes Kt		22. K to K 3rd	K R to Q sq
P takes P leads to a well-known and interesting variation.		23. R takes R (ch)	R takes R
7. P takes P	Kt P takes B	24. P to K R 3rd	R to Kt 7th
8. Q to K 2nd	Kt to Kt 2nd	25. Kt to K 4th	R takes Q B P
9. Kt to B 3rd	B to K 2nd	26. P to R 3rd	B to K 2nd
10. R to K sq	Castles	27. R to Kt 3rd	R to B 5th
11. B to B 4th	P to Q R 4th	28. P to B 3rd	P to R 5th
R to Q sq would have been better, in view of what follows.		29. R to Kt 8th (ch)	K to B 2nd
12. Kt to Q 4th	Kt to B 4th	30. R to Q R 8th	
13. Kt takes Kt	Kt to K 3rd	There is little else to do, although this is bad enough. Black now wins easily.	
14. B to Kt 3rd	B P takes Kt	31. R to R 5th	B to Kt 2nd
Owing to the injudicious exchange of Knights this Bishop is badly posted, and is clean out of the subsequent play.		32. P takes B	B takes Kt
15. Q R to Q sq	Q to K sq	33. K to B 2nd	B takes P
16. P to Kt 3rd	P to B 4th	34. R to R 8th	B to Kt 5th
17. Q to K 3rd	B to R 3rd	35. K to K 3rd	P to R 6th
	P to B 5th	36. K to B 4th	R to B 7th (ch)
			White resigns.

CHESS IN VIENNA.

Game played between Messrs. TSCHIGORIN and TEICHMANN.

(King's Gambit.)

WHITE (Mr. Tschigorin).	BLACK (Mr. Teichmann).	WHITE (Mr. Tschigorin).	BLACK (Mr. Teichmann).
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	19. Q to R 5th (ch)	Q to R 5th (ch)
2. P to K B 4th	P takes P	20. K to B sq	B to Kt 5th
3. Kt to K B 3rd	P to K B 4th	21. Q to B 2nd	Q takes P
4. P takes P	P to Q 4th	22. B takes B P	Q to R 8th (ch)
5. P to Q 4th	P to Q 3rd	23. Q to Kt sq	Q to R 5th
6. B to Q 3rd	Q to K 2nd (ch)	24. Q to K 3rd	Kt to B 3rd
This is quite useless. It simply plays his opponent's game. Q to B 3rd at once obviously saves a move.		25. K to Kt sq	Q to R 4th
7. K to B 2nd	Q to B 3rd	26. B to K 5th	B to Kt 5th
8. R to K sq (ch)	Kt to K 2nd	27. R to Kt 5th	R to K 5th
9. P to B 4th	P to B 3rd	28. B to Kt 5th	B to Q 2nd
10. Kt to B 3rd	Castles	29. B takes Kt	B takes B
11. P takes P	P takes P	30. Q to K Kt 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd
12. Q to Kt 3rd		31. Q takes Q	P takes Q
A fine attack now ensues, largely owing to the over-confidence of Black's defence.		32. R to B 7th	B to Q 4th
13. Kt to K 4th	Q Kt to B 3rd	33. R to B 7th	
14. P to B 6th	Q to R 3rd	If B takes P (ch), K to Kt sq regains the exchange, and if R takes P, R takes B wins a piece.	
15. Q to Kt 5th	Kt to R 4th	34. K to B 2nd	K to R 2nd
16. P takes Kt	P takes Kt	35. K to Kt 3rd	K to R 3rd
17. Q to Q 5th (ch)	P takes Kt	36. R to R sq (ch)	B to K 2nd
18. P tks R (a Q ch)	K to R sq	37. B to B 4th (ch)	K to Kt 4th
19. Q takes B P	B takes Q	38. R to K sq	P to Kt 4th
Played with excellent judgment. After the preceding exchanges, White has a won		39. B takes P (ch)	Resigns.

The Gambit Tournament at Vienna resulted as follows: First, Tschigorin, 13 points; second, Marshall, 11½; third, Marco, 11. This was in a measure in accordance with expectation. The use of an opening which gives scope to the faculties of imagination and originality naturally favoured players possessing these gifts, while the temperament which finds expression in the nice exactitude of the close game was obviously handicapped. Some very brilliant games were added to the list of those we do not willingly forget, as well as many valuable contributions to the theory of the openings. The Muzio, for instance, will have to be reconsidered in light of Mr. Marshall's employment of it, and it is questionable whether the Allgaier can be maintained. These results, however, will depend on further examination; and meanwhile we are glad to compliment the promoters on the success of a happy idea.

STATIONERS' HALL: THE 500TH ANNIVERSARY.

In a court named after it, at the western end of Paternoster Row, and reached also by a passage from Ludgate Hill, is the hall of the Worshipful Company of Stationers, which this week has been celebrating (in feast, as all good City Companies are wont to do) its five-hundredth anniversary. Howsoever raucous with the shouts of rival carmen may be the cabined Row, or thick the motley stream of traffic on the Hill, Stationers' Hall Court "wears the very colour of silence," as Miss Guiney says: it is like those closes of which she writes in her "Quiet London" that they are "inexpressibly pregnant with peace, the caesural pauses of our loud to-day." Standing apart from the common way of busy feet, the hall itself is thus less well known than is its name; and the phrase that keeps its repute green is frequent on the lips of many who have a vague notion only of its precise import. A particular explanation, however, of "Entered at Stationers' Hall" might carry us into the mists that envelop Copyright, among which no prudent man who can help it will venture.

This week's celebrations do not refer to the incorporation of the Stationers, which only dates from 1556, but to the recognition of them by the Corporation as a fraternity or trade-guild in 1403. It was seventy years later that Caxton set up his press at Westminster. These original Stationers were copyists of Aves, Creeds, and Paternosters, and doubtless sold them at their various "stations," from which are derived the names of thoroughfares that converge on their present-day hall—Ave Maria Lane, Creed Lane, Amen Corner, and Paternoster Row itself. Into their hands, naturally, fell the trade in printed books when these came into existence. The guild's first home was in Milk Street, Cheapside, somewhere in or about the busy St. Clement's Court, and the site, or supposed site, of it is still one of the Stationers' possessions. Half a century after incorporation, it acquired Abergavenny House (formerly the abode of the Earls of Pembroke), from which, with varying fortunes, it conducted its business—for it always has been first and foremost a trading partnership—until the great fire of 1666 swept away the house with some £200,000 worth of treasures. By a piece of luck—a greater compensation in our eyes than in those of the impoverished partners—the registers of the Company were not destroyed. Before the fire, we are told, Paternoster Row had become the resort of mercers and lacemen, and in consequence was often blocked by the quality. It is almost always blocked to-day, but never by the quality: books have no chance with laces in the favour of fashion. The sellers of the latter wares, it seems, migrated westwards after the fire to Bedford Street, Henrietta Street, and elsewhere in Covent Garden—regions, curiously enough, for which the publishing trade in turn is now showing a tendency to quit the Row. Meanwhile the Stationers were raising on the ashes of the old a new hall, finished in 1670, which, save for a new wing and the encasing of its brick exterior with Portland stone, remains to-day very much as it was then.

The registers of the Company, already referred to, are intact from 1576 to the present day. Their interesting bearing on our literature is shown by Mr. Edward Arber's volumes of transcripts of them in their earlier years. At one time the Stationers were given the exclusive privilege of printing certain books, and the rights of search that accompanied such monopolies. These brought them to loggerheads with the patentees on the one hand, and any advocate, interested or disinterested, of the freedom of the Press on the other. The story of their varying fortunes is too long to outline here. Out of their claim to rights in the printing of Bibles, it may be mentioned, arose the patronage of Lambeth Palace, still enjoyed by them, which explains the entertainment of the Archbishop of Canterbury as one of the chief guests at the quin-centenary banquet. On the whole, the Stationers have come well through their five centuries of trading. They have been rather unfortunate with their plate, but can pride themselves on an excellent cellar of wine. The Company's stock yields an enviable interest, and passes to the holder's widow, at whose death it is bought back. Moreover, the Stationers dispense charity with a liberal hand. It is with their registers, however, that we are concerned here. These were books in which were entered the titles of the copies belonging to members of the Company and the names of their holders; they, therefore, preserved a correct record of all authorised publications, and of their owners, and, in addition, provided a simple mode of transferring property. When the State came to control and protect copyright, it took advantage of the existing method of registration of the Company, enforcing by statute that which had been binding only upon the Company's partners. It ought to be explained, however, that copyright now does not depend on registration at Stationers' Hall. That is only a necessary preliminary to taking steps for the protection of a copyright. Hence, though they still offer the means of a simple transfer of copyright property, the registers of the Company no longer preserve a complete record of publications. They cannot do so unless registration is made compulsory, and that, we believe, most authorities on copyright do not consider possible.

The Stationers is one of the few City Companies' admission to which is still restricted to members of the trade, the trade, in this case, being one of many branches. Colonel Sir James Willcocks, an honorary liveryman, has the distinction of being the only exception at present. Waterlow, Rivington, Miles, Sotheman, Clay, Dickinson—these are some representative names that keep recurring on the Company's books in more recent times; and to go further back through its lists is to trace the history of the making and selling of books in this country. Among those who have taken up livery in the last few years are many leading publishers, Mr. John Murray, Mr. Frederick Macmillan, Mr. Reginald Smith, Mr. Edward Bell, Mr. Heinemann, and others.

TO PERSONS OF EXCESSIVE WEIGHT.

SLIMNESS PERMANENTLY ASSURED.

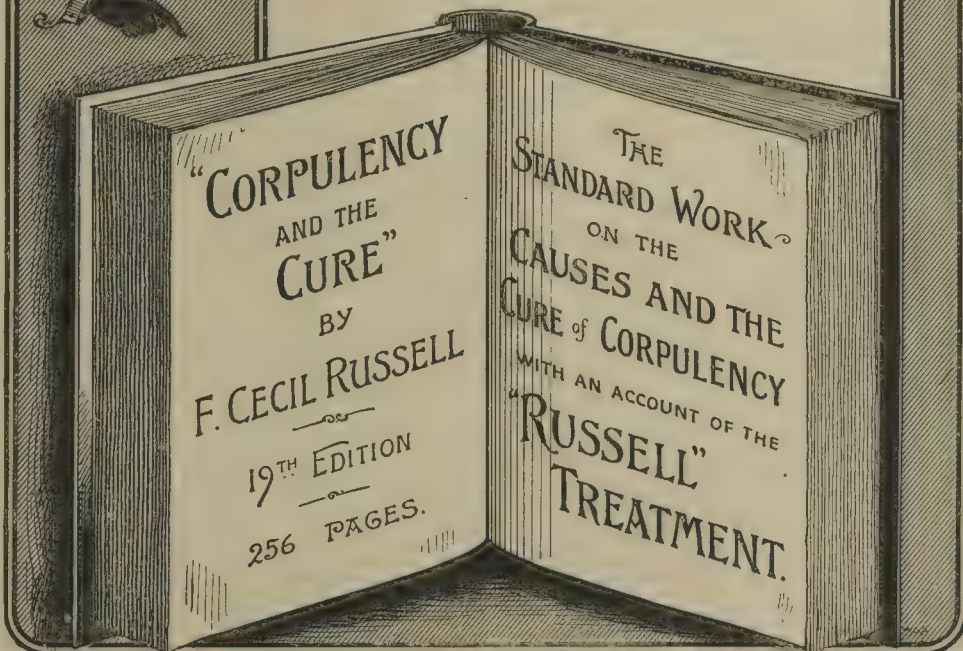
AMONGST the many benefactors to suffering humanity the man who, by the devotion of a lifetime to the study of the causes and the cure of obesity, has eased many thousands of his fellow-creatures of a distressing burden of superfluous fat, should have a special niche in the Temple of Fame. Though so great a number of stout persons of both sexes have sought and found salvation in the "Russell" treatment, there are doubtless still many of our readers who are ignorant of the permanent benefits to be derived from a comparatively short course of Mr. Russell's régime. Briefly stated, it amounts to an exchange of unwholesome, clogging fat for new muscular tissue. This is how it happens. The chief curative agent employed by the discoverer is a harmless liquid compound of purely herbal ingredients. This preparation is not only a powerful destroyer of the superabundant fat, both internal and subcutaneous, but is a wonderful tonic, which increases appetite and aids digestion and assimilation, so that more wholesome food is required, with obvious benefit to health—new rich blood is formed, and both body and brain are thereby revitalised and strengthened. As to the decrease of fat, this is wonderfully rapid in ordinary cases. The first twenty-four hours from commencement of treatment will show a reduction of from $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. (more than this in severe instances of fatness). After this, there is a steady daily diminution until the patient is reduced to normal weight and proportions—permanently: there is then no need to continue the treatment. No disagreeable conditions as to dietary or other restrictions are exacted. The patient may follow his or her ordinary mode of living, if prudent and temperate, without any fear that the fat will redevelop.

Our advice to our stout friends is to write for a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), which, by-the-by, contains the recipe of the preparation upon which Mr. Russell chiefly relies. They have only to send three penny stamps (for postage under plain envelope) to F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., and they will receive by return of post a copy of this highly useful and admirably written treatise, which may be of priceless service to many a person who has groaned for years under a burden at once unhealthy and unbecoming.

IF YOU ARE FAT READ THIS BOOK

A BOOK THAT ALL STOUT PEOPLE SHOULD THOROUGHLY MASTER.

AMONGST the scientific works of general interest published lately there is none that appeals to a wider circle of readers than the nineteenth revised edition of "Corpulency and the Cure," by F. Cecil Russell, the well-known specialist, who has devoted so many years of his life to the study of the causes and the cure of obesity. It is curious that, while there is such a book in existence, there should be so many corpulent persons in our midst. This is surely not because the "Russell" treatment is unknown or unappreciated; for, indeed, Mr. Russell's method of fat-reduction is used wherever the English language is spoken, and has met with warm approval in other countries besides. This famous treatment is not only permanent in its results as a fat-reducer, but helps the patient to regain strength and vitality. The principal curative agent used is a liquid tonic compound of pure vegetable ingredients. The recipe is given in "Corpulency and the Cure." Besides its wonderful power of destroying all superfluous adipose tissue and throwing it out of the system, it tones up the entire organism, promotes appetite, and helps digestion and assimilation, so that an appreciable amount of extra nourishment is taken by the patient, with infinite benefit to body and brain. Therein lies the extraordinary efficacy of the "Russell" régime as opposed to every other remedy for corpulency ever thought of or devised. There is no need for sweating or purging, nor are any drastic dietary restrictions required. The weighing-machine will show a decrease of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb. within twenty-four hours of beginning the course of treatment, and a steady reduction of fat goes on day by day until normal weight and robust health are jointly attained. The treatment may then be discontinued. Stout readers are urgently recommended to study "Corpulency and the Cure" (256 pages), which is crammed full of the most useful information. They may obtain a copy by sending three penny stamps (for private postage) to Mr. F. C. Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C. No corpulent person should be without this admirable text-book.



EXCESS OF FAT. WHY TOLERATE IT?

Beauty's Bête Noire.

The approach to fatness is looked upon by most ladies with alarm and horror. Beauty is incompatible with excessive fleshiness. But the remedy is fortunately accessible to all. The famous "Russell" treatment has brought health, hand-in-hand with beauty of form, to tens of thousands. It is so simple, so easy, so pleasant, and withal so harmless, that no stout person should neglect trying it. The cure is permanent, no matter what the age of the patient, and renewed vitality and strength are also sure results of this wonderful treatment.

Certain Reductive Effects.

Within twenty-four hours of beginning the "Russell" treatment the sufferer will be amazed to find that there has been an initial reduction of $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. to 2 lb.—even more than this if the case is severe. There is no discomfort or inconvenience, nor is there any necessity for disagreeable abstinences from favourite dishes; neither are exhausting exercises at all necessary. The first day's decrease indicated is followed by a persistent daily diminution in weight until elegant proportions are regained. The treatment may then be abandoned with full confidence that nothing but common prudence is required to retain beauty of form permanently.

Tonic Value of Treatment.

The extraordinary decrease of fat is accompanied by a corresponding increase in strength and nerve-power. The compound chiefly employed in the treatment is a valuable tonic as well as a fat-destroyer. The appetite becomes normal, the digestive system is toned up and strengthened, and the increased amount of food taken, and thoroughly digested, must necessarily enrich the blood and make new healthy muscular tissue. The invigorating and revivifying effect of the "Russell" treatment on body and brain is not the least of its merits. The person who has gone through a course of "Russell" feels years younger and full of health and spirits.

Standard Work on Stoutness.

Stout readers are strongly recommended to obtain a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure," the standard work on the subject, by the discoverer of the "Russell" treatment. Apart from the invaluable matter and advice which are contained in its 256 pages, there are hundreds of extracts from patients' letters recounting their experiences of this gentle and harmless treatment. All are very enthusiastic, not only as to the permanent reductive results, but also as regards the splendid health-reviving, re-strengthening effects.

The Recipe.

As proof of the complete harmlessness of the principal preparation used, and also of its purely herbal nature, the recipe is published in "Corpulency and the Cure." This should convince sceptical people (if any there be) that they have everything to gain by a trial of the treatment without the slightest risk of endangering health. Even the most delicate persons would benefit greatly by the excellent tonic nature of the cure.

To Obtain the Book.

It is simply necessary to send three penny stamps to Mr. F. Cecil Russell, Woburn House, Store Street, Bedford Square, London, W.C., when a copy of "Corpulency and the Cure" will be at once sent under private cover. Besides the eloquent testimony already mentioned, there are many laudatory opinions from the medical and general Press.



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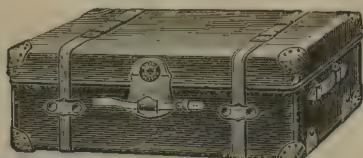


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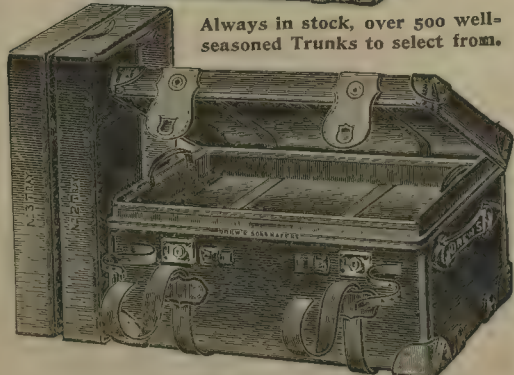
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LADIES' PAGE.

Very few in number are now the grandchildren of good King George III. The Duke of Cambridge is still hale and hearty in our midst; but people are apt to forget that his Royal Highness has a sister living in the person of the Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, Princess Augusta of Cambridge. She and her husband have just arrived at the date of their golden wedding, though no



A GRACEFUL VISITING COSTUME.

celebration of the occasion is to be held in consequence of the fragile health of the Grand Duke, who is eighty-four years old. The Grand Duchess, who is eighty-one, is, of course, aunt to the Princess of Wales, being the elder sister of the late Princess Mary, Duchess of Teck. Princess Mary was a thoroughly English Princess, and declined various good proposals that would have involved her living out of her beloved country. At one time, some disturbances in Germany seemed to threaten the stability of the position of the rulers of the Grand Duchy of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, and Princess Mary wrote upon that occasion that if her sister Augusta should be compelled to return to live in England for the rest of her life, it would be something like stooping to conquer; or at any rate, she would fall from her grand ducal throne into a position to be desired above everything else in the world—that of a Princess of Great Britain in her native land! It was this known love for England of Princess Mary that made the marriage of her daughter to the Heir to the Throne so popular.

The Duchess of Newcastle, who takes a great interest in everything connected with the land, presided at a meeting of the Women's International Agricultural and Horticultural Union at the Botanical Gardens last week. It is rather amusing to see that "internationalism" is apparently more readily adopted by women than by men. There is the International Council of Women, designed to band together the women of every country in any work for the public good. This held its meeting in London four years ago, under the presidency of Lady Aberdeen, and is to hold its next gathering at Berlin exactly twelve months from now. The only Committee of this association which has secured the endorsement of the National Council of every country is one for promoting international peace. Then there is an International Council of Nurses; and there has recently been formed an International Women's Suffrage Association, to which the British United Suffrage Committee have given their adhesion, together with those of Germany, France, Denmark, and other countries.

A very good idea seems to have taken root in the centre of flat-land, the Borough of Marylebone. The annual meeting has been held of an association for supplying visiting nurses to middle-class people. There are many sicknesses in which the constant services of a nurse are not imperative, while her occasional help is most valuable; besides, dwellers in flats and working

ladies in lodgings have really no accommodation for a nurse. The Queen Victoria Nursing Institute has met exactly this sort of want among the poor; but the middle classes of modest means are the worst provided for in this, as they are in most other respects, of any class of the community. They do not want, and will not accept charity, and yet they are required to pay just the same amount as peers and millionaires before they can get any attention at all from skilled nurses. Now, the visiting nurse can be engaged for one hour in the morning and another in the evening, or longer if necessary, at a fixed moderate charge, and seems to be the greatest possible boon to suitable cases. It is to be hoped that visiting nurses will soon be easily procurable elsewhere than in Marylebone. The idea originated in America.

I suppose one is apt to think every year that dress has never been so charming as it is at the exact moment; but, at any rate, it seems so this season. It has a most extravagant fragility, but it is charmingly soft and graceful, with no excrescences or sins against taste in fashion, except, perhaps, the enormous sleeve-ends, which in some cases are made quite exaggerated. The Ascot dresses (which are, of course, the culmination of the season's modes—nothing much of novelty appearing later than that as a rule) are exceedingly beautiful. White has been selected by the great majority of smart women. It is saved from monotony to the eye by the varied shades which appear under the one term, ranging from a cream which is almost yellow to the pure, snowy white which finds its chief exemplification in the marabout-feather stoles which are so exceedingly fashionable. These are mounted upon the finest of silk or only upon chiffon, and hence are not excessively warm. They are allowed to droop off the shoulders slightly in wear, too, so that unless the sun is very brilliant they are not oppressive on an average English summer's day.

So extraordinarily uncertain is our climate, indeed, that one can never be sure what sort of a gown and "fixings" will be required for a given date. It is imperatively necessary to be always provided in our summer with attire suitable for either very hot or quite chilly weather, for the brilliant sunshine or for weeping skies. One of the leading fashions of the moment may claim, however, to be equally suitable for any fate—namely, Irish linen. Exceedingly smart gowns have been ordered for Ascot in this very fashionable fabric—made smart, that is, by the aid of Irish lace or handsome embroidery. While a linen gown simply

made does excellently well for morning wear, the addition of suitable trimming renders it worthy of appearing at Ascot, or any other smart outdoor function. Pale-pink Irish linen, with the skirt and Russian blouse trimmed with bands of cream linen embroidered in black and deep rose-pink, is one of the dresses made for a very "dressy" woman to wear at Ascot. A flaxella linen in a heliotrope shade was made with a short pleated bolero, having an appliqué of Irish lace on each pleat, wide at the lower part and narrowing towards the yoke. Under this little coat appeared a wide folded belt of apple-green silk with a deep gold buckle at the front and the back. The

skirt was inset with Irish lace laid over apple-green ribbon. The large collars which are so fashionable are often richly hand-embroidered for linen dresses in floral designs. A white linen dress with a deep collar worked with irises and leaves in natural colours, and strapped with pansy-coloured linen on the skirt and sleeves, was quite effective.

Another material in the height of fashion which may claim to meet the requirements of the British climate in all its phases is voile. Though, of course, it is more fragile by far than linen, it also has the essential quality of being able to come out on a damp day, when your chiffons would wilt and your laces look out of place. White voile is being popularly worn, and, of course, is frequently laid over some colour to give a little touch of brightness. Also gold belts of a soft tissue that fold becomingly round the figure are very much in vogue with white dresses. Foulard may perhaps here put in its claim for a mention under the same heading; for it also will endure a certain degree of vicissitude with equanimity. It is a capital material, and many of the patterns in it are of the most charming kind. Thin cloths, too, have been largely made for Ascot wear. There are such dainty colours in cloth—cham-pagne, pigeon's-egg, and other delicate blues, lettuce-green, innumerable shades of biscuit, as well as white; so that there is no difficulty in getting an exceedingly smart-looking gown of a very useful character in dainty smooth cloth.

But, after all, of course, it is the gossamer robes that are leading the fashion this season, and nine out of ten well-dressed women at Ascot will be seen in gowns so fragile that it seems almost cruel to wear them in a crowd. There are chiffons and gauzes and crêpes; and then there are the most delightful muslins, absurdly cheap to begin with, but demanding to be made up over taffetas, to be inset with bands or medallions of lace; to be tucked and to be gauged, and to be pailletted so that when the whole thing is finished the little muslin gown is a marvel of costliness.

The dainty visiting-dress which is shown in our first sketch is made of biscuit-coloured voile ornamented with transparent insertions of creamy guipure lace in the fashionable square designs; and the bodice trimmings are finished off with hanging ornaments of lace.

The hat is of Tuscan straw in the new oval shape trimmed with exquisite ostrich-feathers in biscuit-colour and turquoise blue. The second pretty frock is made of pale grey hopsack with a tucked blouse of soft white satin-de-Chine, and the trimmings consist of narrow bands of black ribbon velvet caught with fancy enamel buckles. The hat is of Leghorn straw simply trimmed with black ribbon velvet and buckles; and the parasol is of white silk.

"Hieratica" is the name of a capital writing-paper, a true vegetable parchment. The earliest form of paper was the papyrus of the Egyptians, and the finest quality was made from the innermost layer, and was called "Hieratica," or the paper of the priests. The modern stationery called by this name, which is most pleasing to write on, is now prepared only by Messrs. J. Simmons and Co., Limited.

The appearance of a room depends far more upon the rugs and carpet than is generally realised. To become thoroughly convinced that a carpet at its best is more than a mere article of comfort—that it is, in fact, an object of the greatest beauty—it is only necessary to pay a visit to the firm of Messrs. Gillows, 412, Oxford Street. Among the fascinating varieties to be seen there are the Tambriz carpets, which resemble plush in surface, while the designs are for the most part similar to those of an Indian cashmere shawl. Then there are some exquisite designs in Aubusson carpets, looking much like old Gobelins tapestry, and some Savonnerie, the pile of which is a good inch in depth, and yields under the foot like the softest moss, while the eye is delighted by the delicate shading and harmony of the tints. Such a carpet can be made to order at about a year's notice, the colour and design to match the type of room that it is to decorate—quick work when one considers that every stitch is put in by hand. For those less lavishly endowed there is a vast choice among the better-known styles—Brussels, Indian, Turkey, etc. These, in all sizes and colours, are to be found galore at Messrs. Gillow's. In the rug department some interesting and unique specimens can be obtained at this establishment. Bokora, invariably made with a rich red ground; Kuman, the design of which is always in squares or diamonds; prayer-rugs, some of which are enormously increased in value by being over a hundred years old—these and many other superb and unique examples



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ART NOTES.

At Messrs. Obach's Gallery in Bond Street some remarkably fine pictures form a "Collection by Masters of the Nineteenth Century," as the catalogue names it. The paint is some thirty years old on nearly all the canvases, and a good deal has happened to mature and to correct the judgment since artist and critic stood together before the wet pigment. Even the lapse of thirty years throws events back into the past. The

at least outrageously peculiar, is now accepted as a master. Of the two examples of his work shown by Messrs. Obach, neither is of the magnificent late or even quite mature period. Much the finer of the two is "Evening in the Park," a picture of exquisitely clad ladies who group themselves in the clearing of a wood and have for the beginning of its and the lovely foliage. The

in the gentle light of early morning. Two beautiful drawings from the life by Millet show how much was lost to art, even if more was gained, by this painter's so strict renunciation of all subjects outside the daily life of the peasant.

An Exhibition of Pictures by Living Artists other than the annual collection at Burlington House is as naught to the Trustees of the Chantrey Bequest. And yet such an exhibition as that now open at the Dutch



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THE GREAT SOUTHERN HOTEL, KENMARE.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON: PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

The fact that the popularity of Ireland as a holiday resort is likely to be enhanced both by the Gordon-Bennett race and by the visit of the King this year, has been fully recognised by the Great Southern and Western Railway Company, which has just issued a second edition of its illustrated guide book, "The Sunny Side of Ireland: How to See it by the Great Southern and Western Railway." Messrs. Alex. Thorn and Co., 87, Abbey Street, Dublin, are the publishers.

appointed time separates the critic of to-day from the painters of Barbizon and some others who painted in much the same spirit and at the same period, but who do not come under the same great name. When the artist is dead and can no more modify that mannerism or develop this, his art is no longer assailed by the merely correcting pen. So it is that Monticelli, who has been termed, in certain of his moods, mad, or

eye is accustomed by such a work to the sister beauties of the art of Diaz. Both Diaz and Monticelli lived in a world enriched by colour unrecognised by others. The "Forêt de Fontainebleau" is a splendid picture of lighted and shadowed earth among noble tree-trunks. Of the many Corots exhibited not all are of the best quality. "Marcoussis," for example, has a sky lacking that tenderness which Corot sought and found by painting

Gallery in Brook Street is indisputably interesting and even important to the student of painting, conscious of the many classes that go to make the British School of the twentieth century. To consider the Royal Academy as the headquarters of English art is right and just, but to consider it as the sole channel for the expression of the artistic feeling of the country is stupidly wrong. To be responsible for the whole life and

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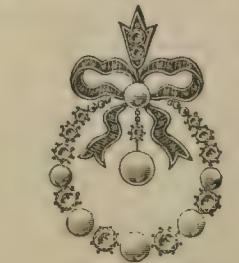
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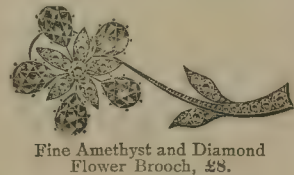


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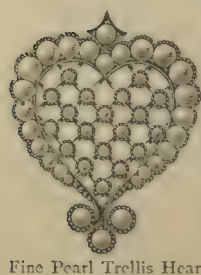
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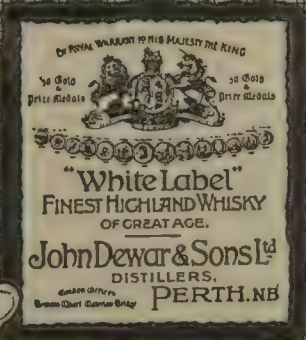
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being of England's art would be too heavy a function for any one President and his Council; and English art would no more die if the Academy ceased to exist to-morrow than cricket go out of fashion if Lord's was shut up for a season. Certainly the National Gallery of British Art would hold upon its walls a more complete and less party record of the painting of the day if such pictures as have now to be sought at the Dutch Gallery were to find their way to Millbank. Mr. C. H. Shannon's

proper function of colour. To avoid any of the straightforwardness of the colour of real life, and to be satisfied so long as no possibility of discord be allowed upon the palette, is not a sufficiently great rule for a group of men seriously intent upon good results.

M. Legros is represented by an important work in the same gallery; Mr. Conder's colour, always beautiful, does not disappoint us here; and M. Fantin-Latour

conventions of ornamentation. It is no simple matter to introduce new and original principles of design. In the first place, the world is not so quick to accept a sofa of a new and perhaps uncomfortable pattern as it is to change the fashion of its clothes; and secondly, unless a new scheme of design be boldly original, it is apt every now and then (luckily for us!) to fall back on the devices of past centuries. Much of the work at the Dowdeswell Galleries is reminiscent of accepted



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THE HOLIDAY SEASON: PICTURESQUE IRELAND.

beautifully executed "Portrait of the Artist" constitutes one of those small incidents in the history of a school which, if not exceedingly important in themselves, cannot be ignored by the historian. And to ignore Mr. Whistler, whose "Violinist," in this exhibition, has qualities of paint and colour which are quite lovely, although other qualities are lacking, is to stultify oneself. Of Mr. Shannon's other three canvases, none in any way equals the portrait of himself already mentioned. With such artists as Mr. Ricketts and Mr. Brangwyn, Mr. Shannon must be classed as having an eye too little sensitive to the

delights us with his small panel of "White Roses," a flower-study exquisitely delicate alike in colour and technique.

The Dowdeswell Galleries, where there is a show of old masters, keep pace with the times by exhibiting some cases of work in enamel, gold, and silver by Nelson Dawson and Edith Dawson. Their work may be classed under the all-embracing term of "art-nouveau," which means anything from a thimble to a shop-front so long as the design be made up of swerving lines and blobs, and a general disregard for the ordinary

conventions, and in such specimens is at its best. When most modern it is less charming. The materials used have been chosen with an eye to the beauty of combination. The conjunction of silver and translucent enamel has a nice sound, and the reality is no less delightful.

The Rev. Hubert Curtis, Vicar of Balham Hill, has been appointed Chaplain to the Worshipful Company of Gardeners in succession to the late Dean Farrar.

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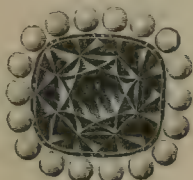
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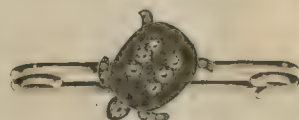
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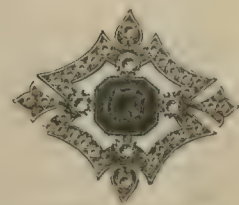
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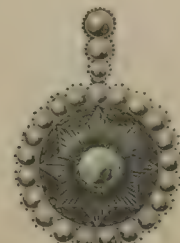
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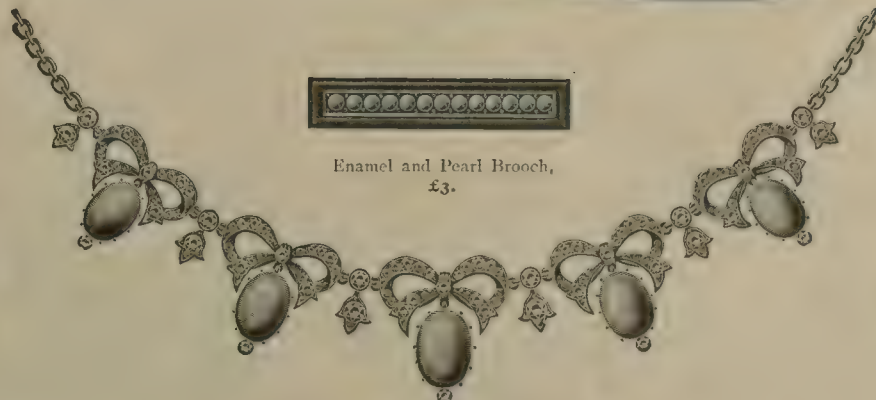
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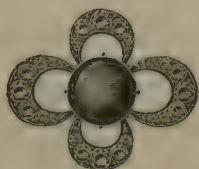
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MUSIC.

The greatest musical event of the past week was the first performance of "The Dream of Gerontius" in London, at the Westminster Cathedral, on the afternoon of June 6. It has taken three years for Dr. Elgar's beautiful and great composition to travel to town, and it is only when one has heard it given adequately, as on Saturday last, that one realises what a loss this has been to the musical world. The poem of Cardinal Newman presents great

gone before, still its treatment is original, and follows no religious school.

The orchestra, under Dr. Elgar's bâton, was excellent. The chorus of the North Staffordshire Choral Society was trained to a perfection of tone and purity of intonation, and their pianissimo ensemble was as one voice. Their precision cannot be too warmly commended. Miss Muriel Foster sang with most reverent expression and sympathy. Mr. Frangcon Davies had all too little to do as Angel of the Agony and Priest of the Commendatory

is magnificently stately and melodious, and ranges the composition with the best of Strauss's works. In this Herr Willem Mengelberg conducted the splendid Amsterdam orchestra. The rest of the programme was given under Richard Strauss himself. "Ein Heldenleben" was repeated by special request, and remains the most striking example of Strauss's peculiar genius. M. I. H.

Passengers who propose visiting Ascot on June 16, 17, 18, and 19, and intend to travel by the Great Western



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difficulties; for, though it is essentially dramatic, still it has philosophical interludes that have had, unfortunately, to be cut. The composition has a breadth of sustained melody that in less able hands might be too sweet and rapturous, but which with Dr. Elgar results in a poem full of mystery and an exaltation that is always restrained in its greatest fervour. In a word, it never cloy. The orchestration is admirable, and though it is almost ungenerous to say that Dr. Elgar would not probably have produced so great a work had not Wagner

Prayer, but he sang with reverence and grave dignity and perfect intonation. Dr. Ludwig Wüllner was most dramatic as the Soul of Gerontius, and sang in a style that one could wish more Englishmen had acquired.

The Strauss Festival was brought to a close on the evening of June 9 with the fourth concert, at which two movements of the composer's earliest work, "Aus Italien," were introduced. The first movement plays in a curious fashion with the familiar air, "Funiculi, Funicula"; the second, entitled "On Sorrento Strand,"



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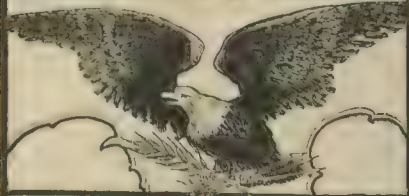


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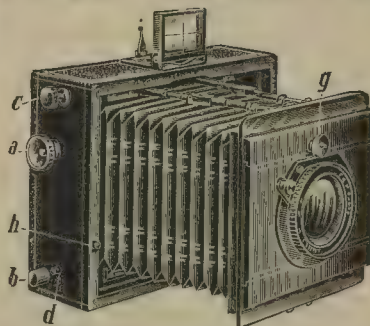
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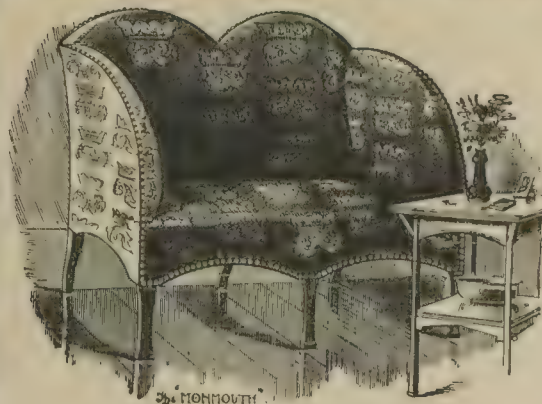
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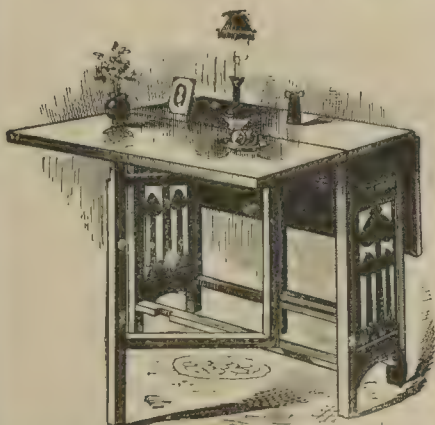
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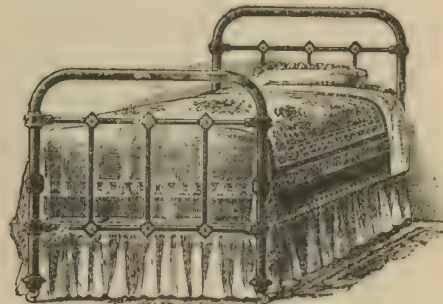
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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The Scotch confirmation, under seal of the Commissariat of Lanarkshire, of the trust disposition and settlement, and codicils and memoranda (dated Jan. 26, 1898; Feb. 1 and May 5, 1900; Feb. 25 and Dec. 23, 1901; and March 20, 1902), of Mr. Walter James Houldsworth, of Coltness, Lanark, who died on March 6, granted to Sir William Henry Houldsworth, Bart., James Hamilton Houldsworth, and Miss Margaret Marshall Houldsworth, the executors nominate, was sealed in London on May 29, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland being £181,899.

The will (dated Oct. 24, 1901) of Sir Charles Grant, K.C.S.I., of 5, Marble Arch, Hyde Park, and Drove House, Chichester, who died on April 10, was proved on May 29 by the Earl of Malmesbury, Ronald Baillie, and Ralph Burch, the executors, the value of the estate being £116,982. The testator gives the money on current account at his bankers, such sum not to be less than £3,000, his two residences, with the household effects, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £1,000,

to his wife, Dame Florence Lucia Grant; £2,500 and certain money and securities at Prescott's Bank, Cornhill, to his son Robert Francis Sidney; £2,500 and the plate presented to his father by the Jews to his son Joscelin Charles Henry; £100 to Ronald Baillie; and legacies to servants. The residue of his property he leaves to his children.

The will (dated Oct. 31, 1899) of Mr. Joseph McGregor Campbell, of 33, Cadogan Square, Chelsea, who died on April 14, was proved on June 2 by Miss Eliza Campbell, the sister, and John Attenborough, the executors, the value of the estate being £110,766. The testator gives £500 to John Attenborough; £1,000 to Pierre Louis François Tronquet; and the residue of his property to his said sister absolutely.

The will (dated Feb. 7, 1896), with two codicils (dated July 31, 1902, and Feb. 17, 1903), of Mr. John Tatham Smithes, of Eveley, Liphook, Hants, who died on April 23, was proved on May 28 by Leonard Tatham,

William Roope Teage, and Edward Winstanley Cobb, the executors, the value of the estate being £109,732. The testator bequeaths £500, the household and domestic effects, the use of his estate at Eveley, and the income from one half of his residuary estate to his wife, Mrs. Eleanor Frances Smithes; £200 each to William Roope Teage and Edward Winstanley Cobb; and £500 to his children for distribution among his relatives as they may think fit. The residue of his estate and effects he leaves to his children, the share of his son to be £10,000 more than the share of each of his daughters.

The will (dated April 7, 1897), with two codicils (dated Nov. 22, 1897, and Jan. 30, 1903), of Mr. William Heathcote, of Oak Lawn, Rusholme, Manchester, who died on April 12, has been proved by Jonathan Hopkins Meredith, Rowland Heathcote, and James Green, the executors, the value of the estate amounting to £89,727. The testator bequeaths £200 each to his sister Elizabeth Guthrie and his niece Elizabeth Helen Guthrie, and his brother Rowland Heathcote; £100 each to his executors;

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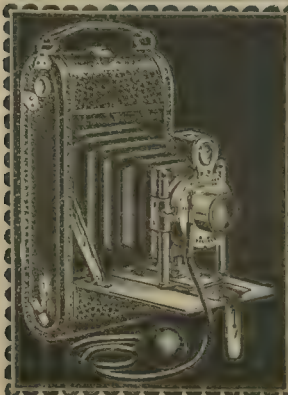
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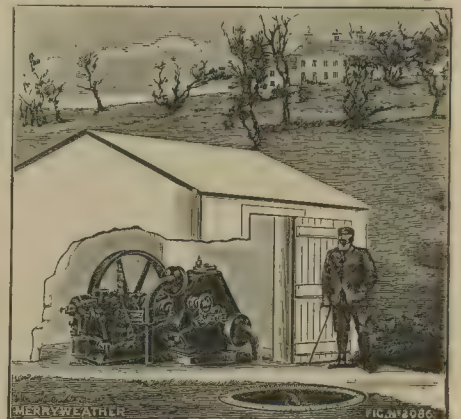
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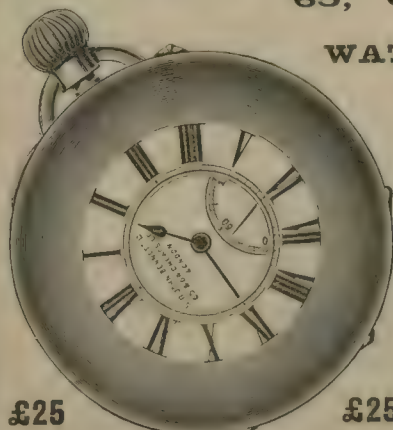
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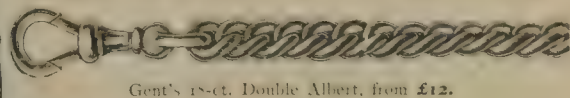
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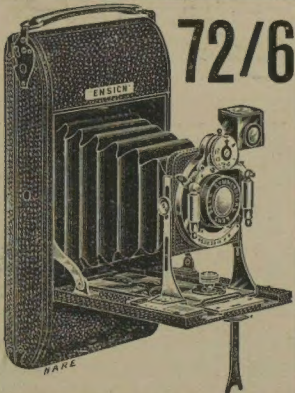
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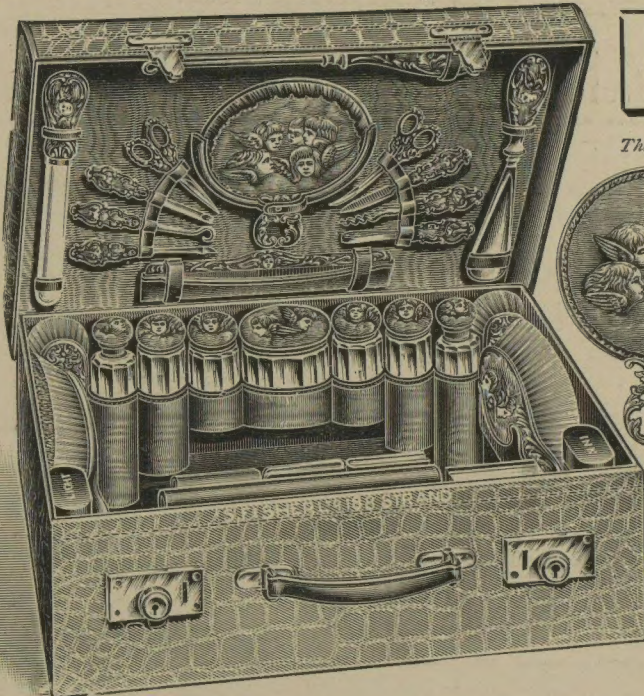
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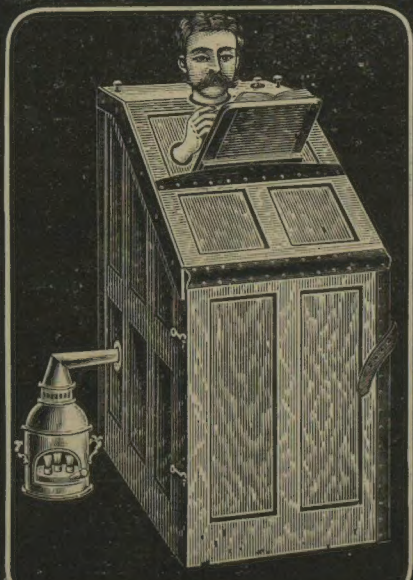
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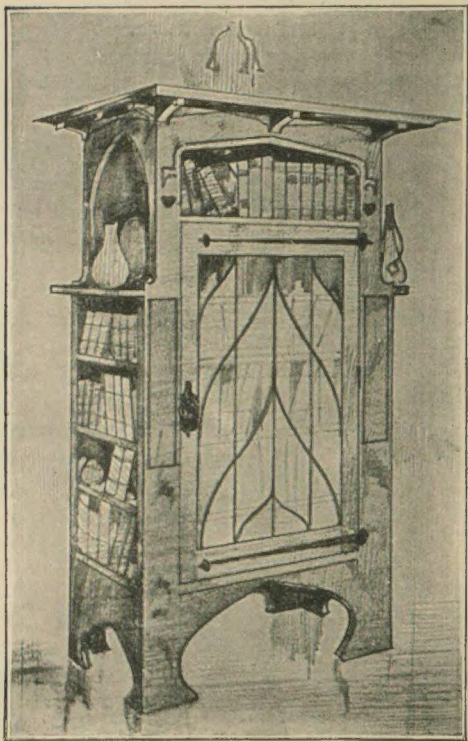
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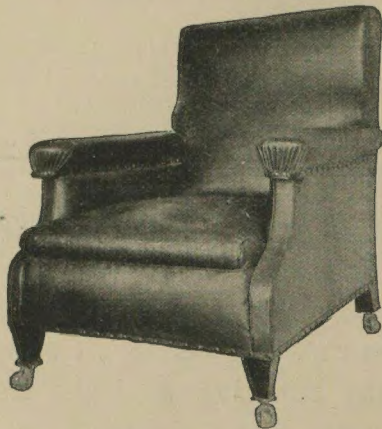
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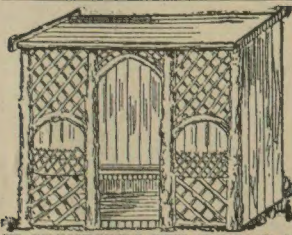
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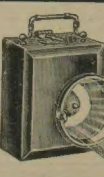
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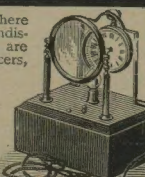
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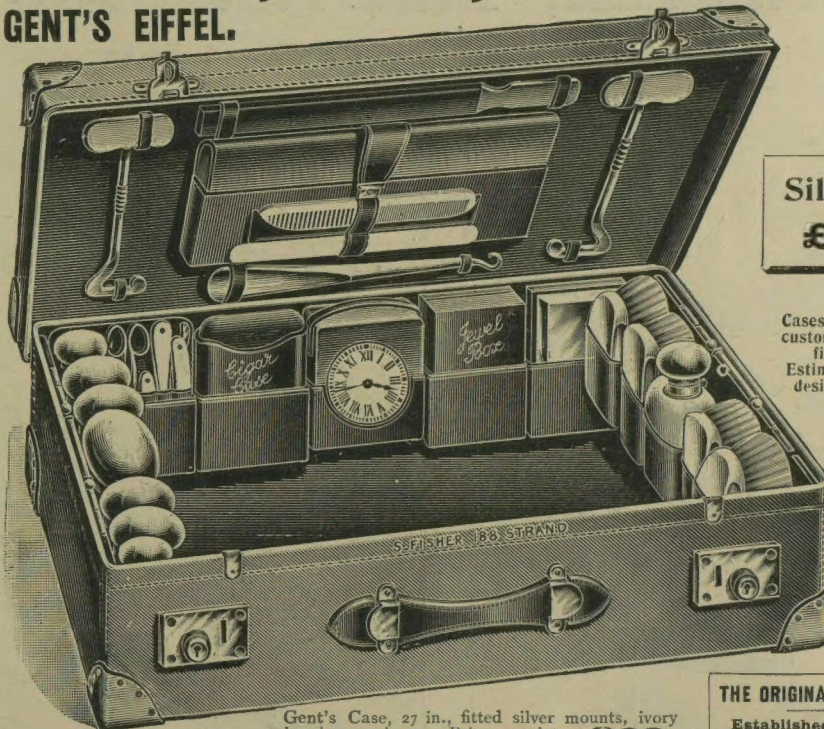
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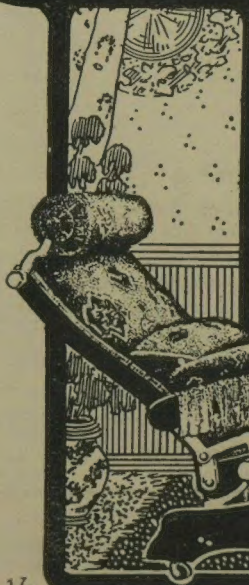
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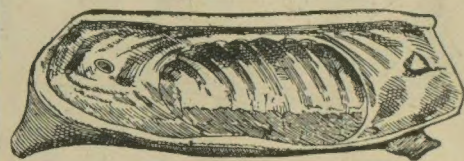
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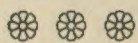
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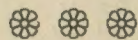
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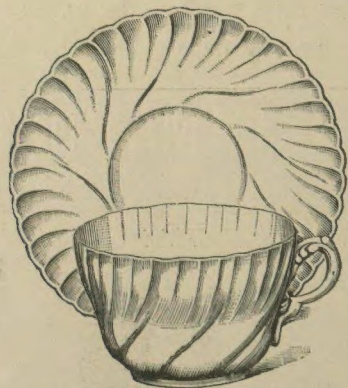


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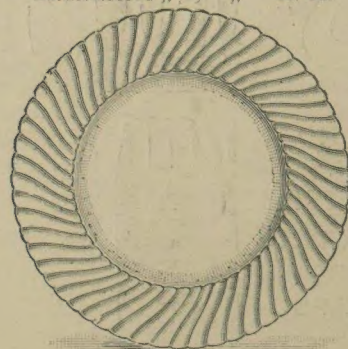
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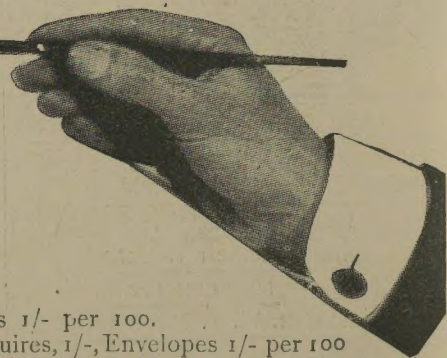
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